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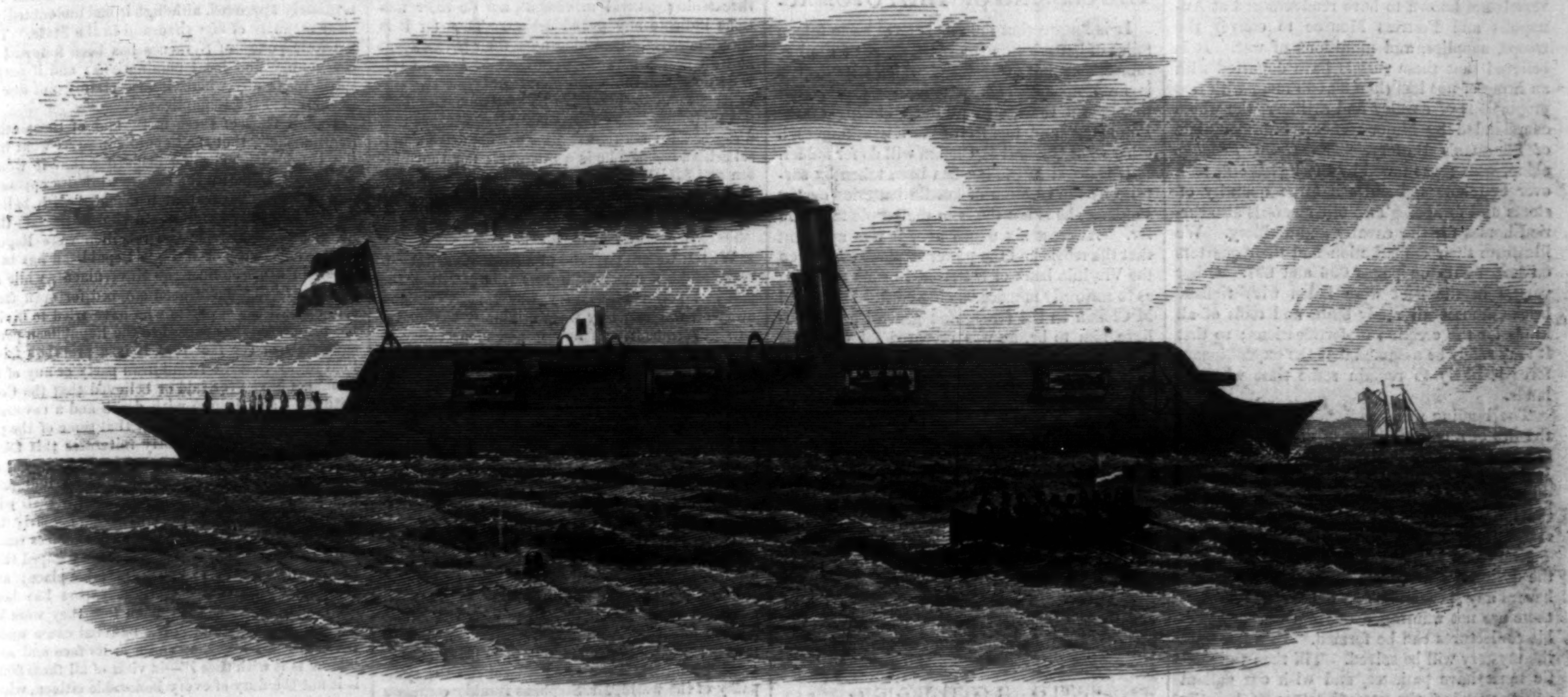
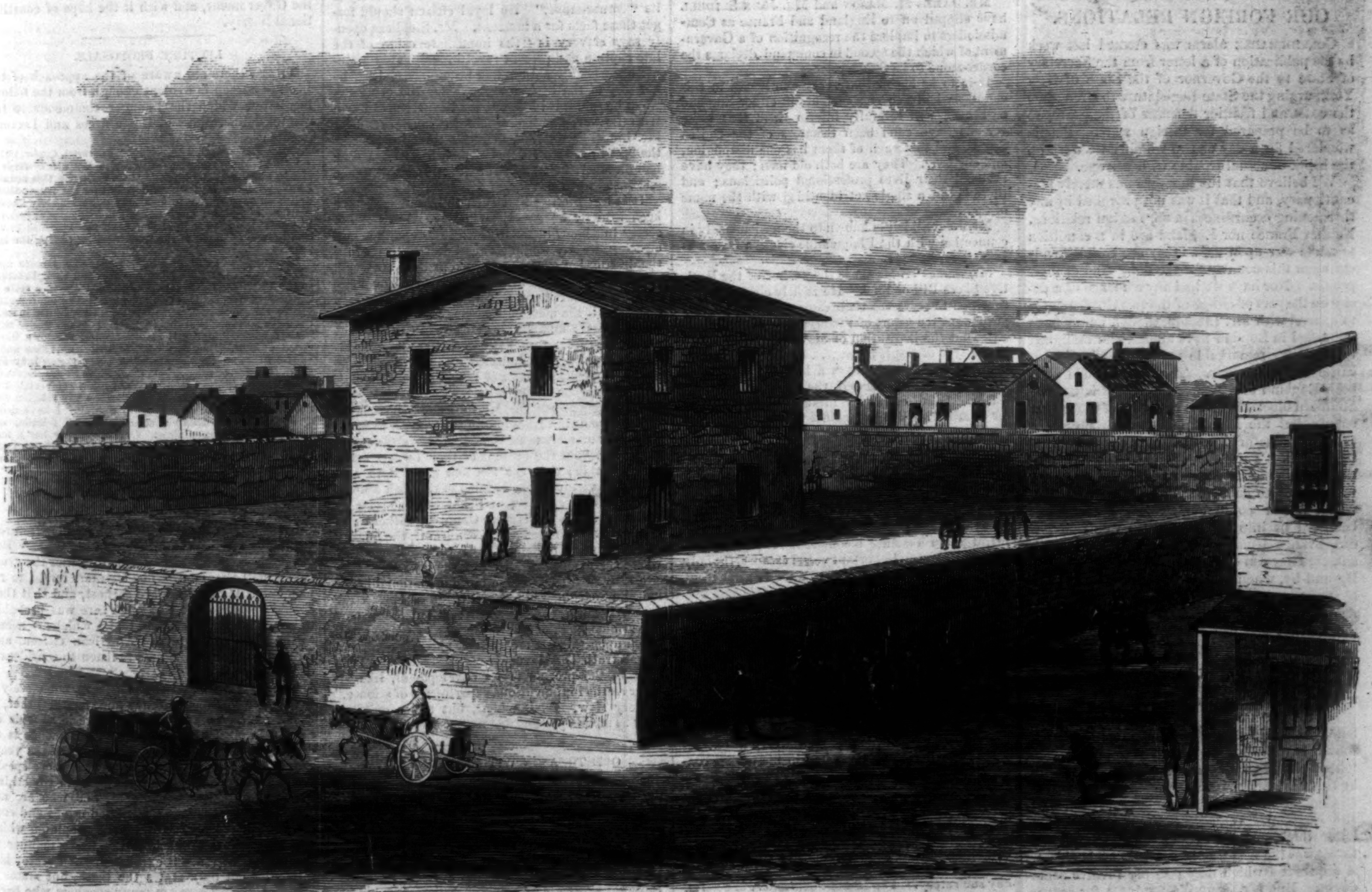


THE REBEL STEAMER "MERRIMAC," RAZEED, AND IRON-CLAD.—FROM A SKETCH FURNISHED BY A MECHANIC WHO WAS EMPLOYED ON BOARD.

[SEE PAGE 699.]



HENRICO COUNTY JAIL, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—FROM A SKETCH FURNISHED BY A UNION PRISONER WHO WAS CONFINED IN IT.

[SEE PAGE 703.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1861.

THE GREAT NAVAL EXPEDITION.

BY the time these lines are read by the public the GREAT NAVAL EXPEDITION will have reached its destination, and we therefore violate no duty to the Government in illustrating its departure on pages 696 and 697. What precise point it is intended to attack no one knows but its leaders and the members of the Administration; but we may rest assured that it will deal a blow where it will be felt, and that the rebel army on the Potomac will not hear of its landing without emotions of very lively concern.

Some twenty-two or twenty-three first-class steam-transports and six or seven large sailing vessels are known to have rendezvoused at Annapolis and Fortress Monroe to convey the troops, supplies, and munitions of war. It is believed that these vessels have departed with an army of not less than 30,000 men, with due proportions of cavalry and artillery, the whole commanded by Major-General Sherman, late of Sherman's Battery. The *Great Republic* alone, which was towed by the *Vanderbilt*, took over 900 horses, besides a large quantity of stores and forage. Two other vessels also carried horses for the cavalry and artillery. We illustrate their embarkation and their quarters on board ship on pages 696 and 697. Other vessels in the fleet were laden with timber, bricks, houses all ready built, and tools of all kinds for the erection of fortifications; so that it may safely be assumed that the expeditionary force is likely to remain some time where it lands.

The landing will be effected under cover of the fire of a powerful fleet of men-of-war. No one knows what vessels will constitute this fleet. It is whispered, however, that not less than 300 guns of heavy calibre will be brought to bear on the landing-place—enough to overpower any resistance that can fairly be anticipated.

Every one is distressing himself to discover the destination of the expedition. We will not hazard any speculations on the subject; though there are not wanting data from which plausible conjectures can be formed. In a few days the mystery will be solved. Till then the public must have patience, and wish our gallant countrymen of the expedition most heartily GOD-SPEED!

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

CONSIDERABLE alarm was created last week by the publication of a letter from the Secretary of State to the Governor of the State of New York, urging the State Legislature to strengthen the coast and frontier defenses of the State, so as to be prepared for foreign wars. People wondered for a day or two whether we were on the brink of actual trouble with Europe.

We believe that the measure was merely precautionary, and that it was not provoked by any threatening occurrences in our foreign relations. Neither France nor England are in a condition to make war upon us, as they are both dependent upon this country for the daily food of their people. Nor have we had any evidence of a desire on the part of either of the two Governments to quarrel with Mr. Lincoln, though newspapers published in London have abused and maligned us in a very remarkable manner. Finally, no cause for war exists. The real trouble with both England and France at present is not the Southern blockade or the stoppage of the cotton supply, but the Morrill tariff, which shuts out their manufactured goods from the markets of the North. This is a very grievous injury to them, undoubtedly. But it is not an injury which justifies an appeal to arms, nor is it one which a war could cure. England can not bombard us into buying British woolens, nor can France bayonet us into wearing French silks. They can do nothing but wait and watch. By-and-by, when the war is over, we shall gladly revert to our old policy of raising money by revenue tariffs, and then Europe will recover the market she has temporarily lost—unless, meanwhile, she should have exasperated our people beyond bearing.

It is asked why the letter was published if it was merely a measure of prudent precaution?

Mr. Seward's object in giving to the press a letter which, in the ordinary course of affairs, should have been kept secret, was probably to "head off" Messrs. Mason and Slidell, who are by this time arriving in Europe as the accredited Commissioners of the Rebel States to France and England. Whether the publication of a letter which, under the circumstances, implied a threat was the best way of achieving this object, is a question which may possibly involve some doubt. But Mr. Seward's fondness for *coups-d'état* and startling manifestoes is well known.

In connection with this subject, we may observe that much misapprehension exists in the papers on the subject of the combined French, British, and Spanish expedition against Mexico. This expedition will do immense good, and has, we doubt not, received the hearty assent of our Government. Its object is to put down the robbers and bandits who for many years have rendered all government impossible in Mexico; to enable the Mexican people freely and fairly to choose their own rulers; and to give to those rulers, after they have been chosen, armed support for a sufficient length of time to enable them to gain a solid footing in the country. The accomplishment of these objects will be as beneficial to the United States and the world at large as to Mexico herself. They would have been accomplished some years ago, but for the ambitious schemes of certain British politicians in Mexico on the one hand, and on the other the pro-slavery dreams of the Southern Junta at Washington. The time has now arrived when the right thing can be safely done, and it is going to be at least attempted.

THE CLOSING OF THE POTOMAC.

IT is known that the rebels have some fifteen miles of batteries on the south shore of the Potomac, and that every vessel which tries to pass is fired upon. Hence general alarm is felt throughout the North at the "closing of the Potomac," and loyal citizens are asking each other what General M'Clellan will do for fodder.

If General M'Clellan has been taken by surprise by the erection of hostile batteries on the Potomac, he is not the man the people take him for. At least six weeks ago, it was apparent that the rebels had the power to plant cannon on the Virginia bank of the river, in such positions as to seriously menace passing craft. If General M'Clellan be the far-sighted general people believe him to be, he was prepared for what has happened, and is provided with a remedy.

But there is no reason why the erection of batteries on the Potomac should be regarded as closing that river. Balls and shells are unpleasant things to come into contact with, no doubt. It is, however, the business of vessels of war to encounter them, and their captains can no more complain of being under fire than private soldiers. With one or two exceptions, the rebel batteries are a mile from the channel. At this distance the most experienced gunners will not sink one craft in twenty. It will be time enough to consider the Potomac closed when every other craft which tries to pass the batteries is sure of being sunk or destroyed.

THE LOUNGER.

A PRECIOUS PAIR.

MR. JAMES M. MASON and MR. JOHN SLIDELL have slipped off to England and France as Commissioners to implore the recognition of a Government of which the second in command declares the corner-stone to be Slavery.

It is to be hoped that every gentleman in this country who has correspondents in either England or France will carefully inform them that these persons have each been Senators of the United States, and that each of them has one distinction, and one only. They are both old men; they have been all their lives professional politicians; and there is but a single act identified with the name of each.

Mr. John Slidell is known to the nation solely in connection with the Plaquemine election frauds in Louisiana, in 1844.

Mr. James M. Mason is the author of the Fugitive Slave Bill of 1850. He is fitly chosen by the rebellion to represent their essential principle and purpose at the Court of Victoria.

"That the institution of Slavery is abominable in the eyes of Englishmen . . . . . is not for a moment to be doubted," says a late London *Times*. And how will Earl Russell, the Foreign Secretary, the descendant of Lord William Russell, who died for striking for liberty against a despotic English Government, look upon this man who strikes for slavery against the free and beneficent Government of the United States?

These gentlemen are not likely to be overtaken by the steamers which our Government has sent after them. But in sending them the Administration shows its disposition to take every step. To maintain an absolute blockade is simply impossible; and when an important vessel escapes, the only possible measure is to dispatch another after it.

OUR INCREDULITY.

LAST spring, after Sumter, the more dismal a story was, the more readily we believed it. So after Bull Run there were those who really thought this Government was gone. But since our peaceful encampment along the Potomac our spirits have been gradually rising, taking stocks with them, until at last we turn such a smiling face and so buoyant a heart to the war that a man might believe that all his neighbors had in his pocket conclusive news of the overthrow of the rebellion.

Four bad reports came together last week. *Wilson's Zouaves had been cut up upon Santa Rosa Island.* Pooh! pooh! *Hollins had sunk the* Preble *and peppered the fleet at the mouth of the Mississippi.* Stuff! Hollins is a bragster. *The* Nashville *had gone to sea with Mason and Slidell.* Don't believe any such story. *The* Saranac *went ashore in a storm.* Canard!

It was truly refreshing to observe the airy way in which these stories were set aside, and the lie cheerfully given to Madame Rumor. "Dear Madame," said the public incredulity, "if you wish to be believed to our disadvantage, you will please speak through some other mouth-piece than a rebel newspaper."

Fas est et ab hoste doceri, as the Latin Grammar justly remarks. There is no harm in being taught by the enemy in any way. There is especially no harm in believing the worst he says. Above all things, it is of the utmost use to remember that the chances of war must often go against us. The rebels will sometimes run the blockade; they will sometimes surprise and overpower unwary and inferior numbers of our men; they will suddenly unmask batteries; they will occasionally sink and pepper our ships; they will unquestionably poison wells and food which are likely to fall into our hands, whenever they can. We are very resolved, very united, and of overwhelming numbers and means. But the rebels will for a long time seem to live without food and buy without money. They will make forays and ambuscades. They will stop a train in Missouri; run the blockade at Charleston; make a dash at Hatteras, or fire from a battery on the Potomac.

These things we must expect, and we must anticipate a various fortune in them. But the central point to observe is that they make no very threatening general movement, nor do their motions indicate any grand design. Thus far it is fierce guerrilla skirmishing upon their part, except at Bull Run, where we were both beaten. Civil wars do not end in a few months, nor are the victories all on one side. Let us keep an even mind, not supposing that a report is "a lie" because it is disagreeable; nor that Hollins can not drive a vessel ashore because he is a braggart; nor that Mason and Slidell can not escape to Europe because we do not wish them to.

SIDE-LIGHTS.

WHILE we are engaged in a great civil war occasioned by a few conspirators who saw that the political power of Slavery was rapidly passing away—a war made by them originally to found a new government, and now waged of necessity to destroy this one—it is interesting to mark the movements of the rest of the world in relation to the original cause of this war. That cause is simply the old quarrel between Despotism and Liberty. It reappears in the history of every nation. In European nations it has often come to open war because the rights of all the people were assailed—as in England, and France, and Italy. But more agreeable is the spectacle of a Government yielding to the deepening sentiment of justice, upon which alone permanent peace is founded.

It is in this light that the recent abolition of serfdom in Russia is seen to be an act of profound political sagacity. In the same light the expressed intention of the Southern leaders of our rebellion is sheer fatuity. A republic resting upon slavery is as absurd as a Papacy resting upon private judgment. And while the rebellion solicits the sympathy of the world, Mr. Stephens frankly confesses that Jefferson and the fathers of the Constitution held slavery to be an evil, but that they were mistaken, and he now asks aid and countenance for a Government superior to theirs because slavery is its "corner-stone." No loyal citizen should forget these facts for a moment. Mr. Stephens openly says slavery is "the immediate cause of the late rupture and present revolution." That a single unconstitutional act had been done, neither he nor any of the leaders assert. On the contrary, when he said this in March, his lips were yet warm with the words he had spoken in November, after Mr. Lincoln's election, that this Government was the best in the world. Four months afterward he had discovered that a better Government would be one based upon slavery.

It is humiliating that such things should have been said by an American to-day. Does it not sorely touch our honor that while Russia is emancipating, we are waging a terrible war to prevent the destruction of the Government by a far worse slavery than the serfdom of Russia? The most barbarous of civilized powers entreats that which called itself the most enlightened not to fall a prey to despotism: and while the Russian Government makes the direct appeal, Spain, with expressive silence toward us, announces, by the letter of Marshal O'Donnell, Minister of War and the Colonies, to the Governor of Porto Rico, "that her Majesty has been graciously pleased to declare that slaves coming from that island and from Cuba into Spain with their masters must consider themselves emancipated without the consent of their owners being indispensable; that the freedom granted to said slaves, in virtue of the decision of the 25th March, 1836, is not revocable; and that they acquire by their arrival in the Mother Country, without any other act being necessary to confirm it, the quality of freemen, even should they return to a country where slavery is authorized by the laws."

So says Spain, the blue blood of national honor mantling once more in her withered cheeks. Hear now Alexander H. Stephens: "This, our new Government, is the first in the history of the world based upon this great physical, philosophical, and moral truth [of slavery]. This truth has been slow in the process of its development, like all other truths in the various departments of science."

Very slow, Mr. Stephens, but never quite so slow as at this present moment.

OLD TREASON WITH A NEW FACE.

ALL efforts to make partisan political capital during the war are open aid and comfort to the enemy. No service is so grateful to a foe as sowing division in the hostile camp. If he can divide or dispirit his enemy, he can conquer them. That is precisely what Jeff Davis would like to see among the friends of the Government at the North. It would cheer his melancholy soul, if he could see us so intent upon deciding what party is chiefly responsible for the war, that we forget to fight; or fighting, secretly wish him to conquer, that the party opponent may be made to suffer.

Simple justice requires any observer of the times to admit that the Republican party and papers have not been forward in this kind of treason. They have accepted the war, and have forborne to explore its proximate causes in our own neighborhood. They have frankly taken the ground that the Union was to be defended at all costs, and if emancipation should become a military necessity, then men and women held as property should not be allowed to help the rebellion any more than horses, grain, or any other property.

While this is true of their papers, Mr. Sumner is the only leading Republican statesman who advocates universal emancipation as the truest policy of the Government. And he takes care only to state his view, and to add that he defers to the Administration as to the method in which, and the time when, the object he seeks shall be accomplished.

Still further, the party at large have been first to repudiate party divisions, and their offer of union being refused in this State by the Committee of the other great party, the people of both parties repudiated the Committee, held a Convention, and named candidates of all parties which, with one exception, and that exception based mainly upon personal grounds, the Republican Convention immediately approved, although it had undoubtedly a clear majority of fifty thousand in the State. The patriotic policy of Syracuse has been followed in the county and local nominations; and if party-spirit rages any where, it is certainly not due to the action of the Republicans.

In full view of these facts, and of those other familiar facts, that the Republican party went into the Presidential election declaring that it would peacefully abide by the result, while its opponent declared in advance that if defeated with ballots it would appeal to bullets—in view of the fact that none of the leaders in the rebellion were Republicans, and that not a single Republican has been taken in arms against the Government, while all the papers that have been stopped for open treason, and all the speakers who have tried to divide us, were strongly opposed to the Republican party—in view of the fact that it is a profitless falsehold to say that the Republican party or any of its members have ever said or believed that the Constitution was a league with death and a covenant with hell—in view of the fact that some of the papers which most incessantly reiterates this falsehood were brought to support the Government of the United States only by fear of an indignant people which was murmuring beneath their windows; that the same papers were popularly believed to have secession flags in their offices ready for display when the revolt, which they hoped they had secured in the city, should take place; and that the recent course of those papers has been such as to beget the suspicion that they were ingeniously trying to stab the national cause under the fifth rib, while they smile in its face and ask, "How is it with thee?"—in view of all these facts, is it not the duty of every honorable citizen, whatever his party sympathies may have been, to bear his testimony against this covert treason? It is the expiring effort of that party rancor which has brought the country to this condition, to destroy the Goverament, and with it the hope of constitutional liberty.

LECTURE PROPOSALS.

THAT others are aware of the approach of the Lecture Season is evident enough from the following letter, which the Lounger commends to the careful deliberations of Committees and Lecture-agents:

"KISKATOM, *October*, 1861.

"DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—I wish to say a few words to you in the fullest confidence. I do not write this because I have doubts of my own ability, but for the reason that I desire an opportunity to make my powers widely known. A friend of yours, I understand, has had some experience in public lecturing. Will you have the kindness to ask him to send me a list of the 'Associations' paying the best prices?

"During the summer I have prepared a lecture upon the 'Internal Convulsions of Nature, and their Relations to the Progress of Mankind.' I think I am in a state of intellectual rarefaction to produce a profound sensation upon a refined audience. I do not wish to lecture in small towns or before shilling audiences. I do not desire to be invited out to 'tea,' and shown around the town like a caged animal. I do not wish to write my name and a 'few sentiments' in the album of every young lady and gentleman in the town. I do not wish to be coughed down when I say 'oppression' and do not mean 'slavery.' I do not wish to be called an 'infidel' when my religion does not chime with the bell of every church. I have delivered the lecture before a select circle of friends, and they pronounced it sublime. Our newspaper has a flattering article on my lecture (written by myself), and says that Beecher, Chapin, and Gough are small candles compared to me. Yours, T. HARRISON BUGHUM."

THE LYCEUM LECTURES.

THE Lyceum, or our system of popular lectures, will doubtless feel the pressure of the times. But it is understood that in most of the cities the usual course will be given. The lecturers ought to remember that the times are earnest, and that they should speak to the times. There was probably never a sincerer interest in topics which are necessarily important to every American citizen, and never a greater willingness to listen to considerate discussion.

The Lyceum is, on the one hand, not merely a theatre, or opera, or circus; and, on the other, it is not exactly a pulpit. Its range is as wide as human interest and thought. Its influence is as deep as its sincerity. The experience of ten years should show the newer lecturers that those speakers are permanently preferred who do something more than tickle the audience, and who are not afraid to treat them as if they had minds and consciences. It is not the difference of opinion which exasperates a hearer; it is the fierce manner in which the difference is expressed. An orator is a man who not only states the truth, but states it persuasively. There are many speakers who harm their cause much more than they help it, because they malign motives and unfairly generalize until the listener is not only out of conceit with the speaker, but becomes averse to hearing the subject mentioned.

These days hang so heavy with results that the man who tries to turn the mind of his audience away from the great theme that enchains us all, under the plea of diverting them, will find that his instinct has been at fault. Let him play his tune in the key which circumstances have already set. Let him take his text from the times, and improve it as a man and patriot and scholar should, wisely, earnestly, and fearlessly. Treat men as cowards, and they are so. Appeal to their heroism, and they are heroic. An audience relishes wit, humor, rhetoric, even fustian, upon occasion; but if you look at it closely the greatest orations are those of Demosthenes, and none are so simply heroic.

Probably neither Demosthenes nor Cicero, nor Chatham nor Mirabeau, will lecture in our Lyceum this winter. But though dead, they may yet speak in the honesty and eloquence of orators who know that a nation of cowards is already moribund. It has been found necessary for the public welfare in some instances to suspend papers and restrict free speech. But in every case the papers were those which, in the normal condition of our system, had endeavored to put down free speech by brute mob law. A wise man would have been sure, at any time during the last few years, that the papers which so struck at that sacred right would instantly prove traitors in the hour of national peril. There is no wonder that they have so proved: the surprise is that we did not see it before.

Let that free speech be heard in the Lyceum this winter, used with a sacred sense of its responsibility. Let every word spoken be a blow at the heart of treason, and the cause of the country shown to be what it is, the cause of mankind. Then they who speak will be justified in opening their lips at this moment. For whoever, by a timely word, shows another man the beauty of "the good old cause," fires his heart and nerves his hand to strike for victory.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

EPIGRAM-ICAL.

George Blunt and **Ward Beecher** while journeying to
"Norridge,"
Got off at a dépôt to sup "railway porridge."
The latter was flat but the confab grew spicy:
First was Blunt, then was Beecher, and so "*varsy vicé!*"
Says Beecher to Blunt, "Pray, George, how would you teach
Secessionists the wrong of their 'tare' and their 'tret?'"
"Quite easy," quoth Blunt, "for I'd send *you* to preach
A two-hours' sermon at Fort Lafayette!"
("Ha, ha!" says the crowd at the humorous duel.)
"Yet, hold, *that* won't do, since 'twill be illegal,"
Adds Blunt; "for it would be what General Siegel
Inflicted on Price, Sir—*a punishment cruel!*"
"Quits! quits!" rejoins Beecher; "no more shall I carp,
Your name should be changed from George Blunt to Jake Sharp!"

A Kick in the Right Direction.—What is Italy to do with his old Holiness the Pope? Surely she has had enough of him by this time. She will have no peace and quiet so long as he remains with her. Now that quarter-day has come, she had better rid her house of him. The bad company he keeps is clearly quite enough of an excuse for getting rid of him. We think the Boot of Italy could not well be put to any better use than in kicking out his Holiness Pope Pius.

The Nation that turns out most Negatives.—By the recent Census we are informed that in Paris there are no less than 23,000 persons who get their living from photography and the photographic process. An old fogey, who has never been able to get over his stupid prejudices against the French, upon being told of the above fact, exclaimed, in a tone of the greatest triumph, "Egad, it's just like 'em! I always said those French fellows were the cleverest chaps in the world for *making faces!*"

PAN, MOMUS, TOUCHSTONE AND CO.'S LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"The Fight over the Skein of Silk." By the Author of "The Mill on the Floss."

"Indolences of the Queen." By the Author of "Idylis of the King," etc.

"The Young Person in Pink." By the Author of "The Woman in White."

"The Tale of the Household." By the Author of "The Head of the Family."

"Wealth, Wife-Hunting, and Womancraft." By the Authoress of "Health, Husbandry, and Handicraft."

"Broil Buildings." By the Author of "Gryll Grange," etc.

"Enormous Realizations." By the Author of "Great Expectations," and other works.

80 Fleet Street, E.C.

A WARNING TO SERVANT-MAIDS.

A certain young woman in service did dwell;
The place Wolverhampton, a true tale to tell.
She was standing, one Sunday, her master's door nigh,
When lo and behold a young workman came by!

He seemed a respectable sort of young man,
Going after his beer, as he carried a can.
He said unto her, "Why art thou stickin' there?"
She answered, "To get just a breath o' fresh air."

So after some talking and chaffing about,
She invited him in while her master was out.
How many there is as will open the door
To them as they never set eyes on before!

Down they went to the kitchen together straightway;
And he for himself had got so much to say,
That, to his persuasion inclining her ear,
She filled up his can with her master's own beer.

Thereafter he kissed her, which she did return;
And he swore what was his'n should also be her'n.
Whereupon he prevailed of her desk to get hold,
Containing two pound half a sovering in gold.

He asked her to lend it; she answered him, "No!"
To which he remarked, "You'll be forced to do so."
Then her money he boned and her salts-bottle too;
Which having accomplished, he bade her adieu.

Upon the next Tuesday she met him again,
And axed him to give back her property in vain.
He told her 'twas spent; she would see it no more:
No doubt he'd served others the same way before.

So thinking it wisest to make a clean breast,
On her master's return the girl went and confessed:
He, missing his German pipe, found, to his grief,
The same had been likewise purloined by the thief.

Him, being detected, they had up in Court,
Of her, as a witness, the lawyers made sport:
As she was required to appear 'gainst the rogue
With whom she was foolish enough to collogue.

Now all you young women whose masters is out,
Don't let in the first young man hanging about,
For fear it should bring you to shame and disgrace,
And lose you your money, and likewise your place.

Golden Sands in Time's Hour-Glass.—A strong-minded lady (a very light "blue") was asked what an "Educational Minute" was like? when she replied, "I have not the smallest notion, my dear, but I conjecture that every 'Hour of Progress' must be composed of nothing but Educational Minutes."

Advice to Match-Making Mammas.—The first and only thing requisite is simply, as Mrs. Glass very wisely says, "First catch your Heir."

NURSERY RHYMES FOR YOUNG AMERICA.

I.

He's a good boysey-poysey,
A pity he is so noisy;
But turbulent tongues
Show capital lungs,
So crow along, boysey-poysey.

II.

There was a boy of thriftiness who, being wondrous wise,
Put money in the savings bank—a post-office he tries—
And when he found his cash was gone, with all his might and main
He went and wrote another form and took it out again.

Very Thin-skinned.—Why does a certain eminent novelist dislike Quakers?—Because he objects to any one taking off his style.

Shockingly Rude Riddle.—Why is one stall of a two-stall stable like a pretty girl?—Because it is very seldom let alone.

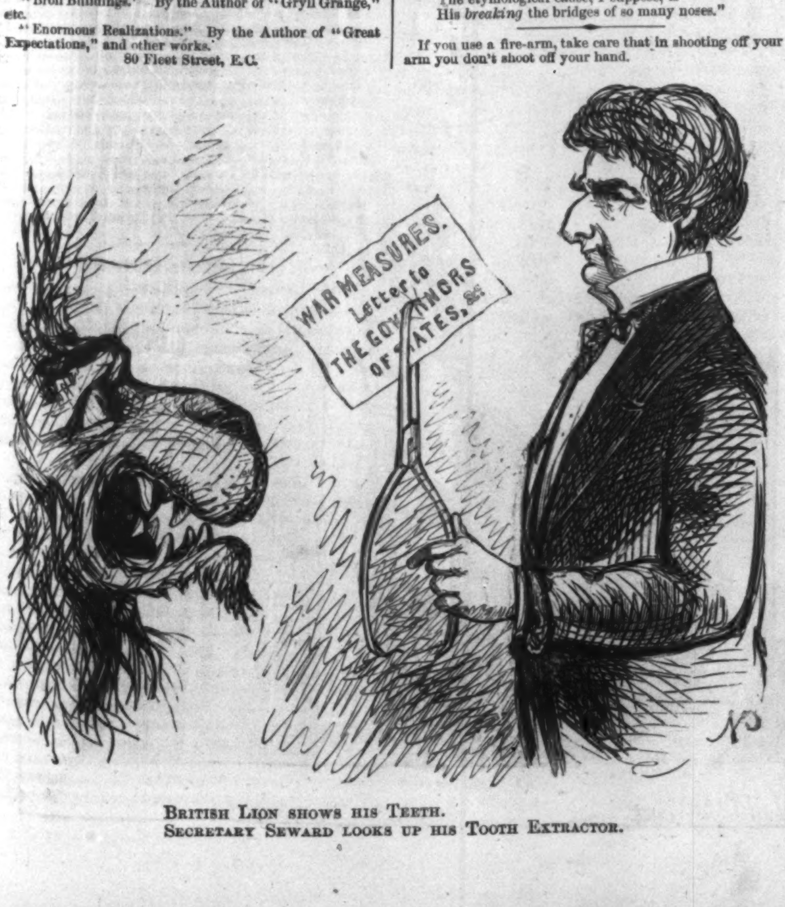
The late Mr. Pat Lalor, who sat in Parliament for a short time as M.P. for an Irish county, was as inveterate a joker as ever took his seat in the House of Commons. When a new Parliament was elected, Mr. Pease, the Quaker, and the late Mr. Edward Baines were among the recent additions to St. Stephens. "Bedad," whispered honest Pat, in his comic brogue, to a friend on his right, "here's the agricultural interest has sent us up some new members—in the shape of Pays and Banes."

The late Mr. Nicholas Aylward Vigors, some time M.P. for Carlow, was an F.R.S. and an eminent naturalist, and for many years honorary secretary of the Zoological Society. Some five-and-twenty years ago he was ejected from the representation of that constituency by Colonel Bruen. It is related in Dr. Doyle's memoirs that a common friend remarked, *à propos* of the circumstance, that Vigors need not have gone very far from his favorite Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park to see Bruin at the top of the pole.

James Smith ("Rejected Addresses") gave the following reason for the election of Gully, the boxer, for *Ponte-fract*:

"You ask me the cause that made Pontefract sully
Her fame by returning to Parliament Gully?
The etymological cause, I suppose, is
His *breaking* the bridges of so many noses."

If you use a fire-arm, take care that in shooting off your arm you don't shoot off your hand.



British Lion shows his Teeth.
Secretary Seward looks up his Tooth Extractor.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why are the bars of a convent like a blacksmith's apron?
Because they keep off the sparks.

Why should a quill pen never be used for inditing secret matter?
Because it is apt to split.

When may money be said to be damp?
When it is due (dew) in the morning, and missed (mist) in the evening.

When is love deformed?
When it is all on one side.

My first is on the threshold of a door;
My second an article of food;
My third what none can do without;
My whole one of the United States?
Mat-rye-money (matrimony).

Why is conscience like the check-string in a carriage?
Because it is an inward pull on the outward man.

Why is a short man kissing a tall woman like an Irishman going up Vesuvius?
He is trying to get to the mouth of the crater (creature).

Why is a four-quart measure like a side-saddle?
Because it holds a gal on (a gallon).

Why is a cross old bachelor like a poem on marriage?
Because he is averse (a verse) to matrimony.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ENEMY RETIRING.

Information was received on 18th that the entire rebel force lately stationed at Leesburg had been withdrawn, even to the scouts and pickets, and on Thursday night their pickets were withdrawn from Vienna and in front of Fairfax Court House. A balloon reconnoissance on 18th discovered no rebels any where this side of Fairfax, and but few there. The disposition of their line is believed to be with the right resting on the Potomac at Aquia Creek, and the left on the Blue Ridge.

A reconnoissance was made on 20th by a force of 2500 men from General Smith's division, with some of Mott's and Ayres's batteries, as far as Flint Hill, two and a half miles at this side of Fairfax Court House, where they found the rebel pickets in very large force, leading to the belief that the main body of their reserve was close by. General M'Clellan, together with Generals Porter, Smith, and Hancock, accompanied the expedition, which proceeded as far as Vienna and a few miles to the right of that town, on the Leesburg turnpike, without discovering any signs of the enemy in that quarter.

THE POTOMAC CLOSED.

The Potomac appears at last to have been effectually closed by the rebels. The gun-boat *Mount Vernon*, which arrived at Washington from below on Wednesday night, reports that thirty or forty vessels with Government stores, besides merchant vessels with coal, oysters, and other articles, were lying at Smith's Point. Some twenty shots were fired at the *Mount Vernon* from the batteries at and near Shipping Point, but none of them struck her. The *Pawnee* and several other vessels were also fired at. There are three batteries in that locality, mounting about thirteen guns, and another has been discovered on Quantico Hill, a short distance above. It is supposed that there is still another at the mouth of Quantico Creek. Almost every vessel which passes those batteries is now fired upon, and the *Pawnee* was struck six times yesterday morning in passing up.

On Thursday night the Government steamboat *Cœur de Leon*, having the sloop *Granite* in tow, passed the batteries in safety, and reached the Washington Navy-yard. The tug-boats *Murray* and *Pusey* also brought up two schooners filled with Government stores, and escaped undamaged, although fired on from different points.

The rebels were on Friday reported to have stretched a chain across the channel at Pasawamsic Creek, or placed some other temporary obstruction there, as when the *Resolute*, with the schooners *Fairfax* and *Lady Ann* in tow, passed up on Saturday, the *Fairfax* broke loose and drifted toward the shore, when the rebels in boats started out and captured her, the *Resolute* at the same time being fired upon by the shore battery, and being unable to render any assistance to the *Fairfax*, which was heavily loaded with hay. The *Resolute* finally proceeded, with the other schooner, after remaining as a target for the batteries for upward of an hour, during which time about a hundred and fifty shot and shell were fired at her. She, as well as the *Lady Ann*, was struck several times, but no one on board was injured. It is difficult to imagine how a chain of sufficient strength to stop the progress of a steamer could be stretched across the river without the knowledge of some one of the flotilla. On Sunday the rebels allowed some forty-one vessels to pass up, only one of which they fired at.

THE ARREST OF BRITISH SUBJECTS.

A very important correspondence relative to the arrest—under the suspension of the *habeas corpus*—of British subjects, has just taken place between Lord Lyons and Mr. Seward in reference to the case of a Mr. Patrick, of New York, and a Mr. Rahming, who had arrived here from Nassau. Both these parties were sent to Fort Lafayette, but the former was subsequently released. Lord Lyons takes the ground that the Constitution of the United States does not sanction what he calls the arbitrary arrest of British subjects except authorized by act of Congress, and he remonstrates in the name of his Government against the "irregular proceedings" adopted in these cases, under advice from the legal advisers of her Britannic Majesty.

MR. SEWARD'S REPLY.

Mr. Seward replies that the proceedings of which the British Government complain with regard to these gentlemen were taken upon information conveyed to the President by the legal police authorities of the country, and they were not instituted until after he had suspended the *habeas corpus* writ, in just the same extent that, in view of the perils of the State, he deemed necessary. For the exercise of that discretion he, as well as his chief advisers, is responsible by law before the highest judicial tribunal of the republic, and amenable also to the judgment of his countrymen and the enlightened portion of the civilized world. Mr. Seward further reminds Lord Lyons that, although the United States Government does not question the learning of the legal advisers of the British Crown, or the justice of the deference which her Majesty pays to them, nevertheless, the British Government will hardly expect that the President will accept their explanations of the Constitution of the United States, especially when the Constitution thus expounded would leave upon him the sole executive responsibility of suppressing the existing insurrection, while it would transfer to Congress the most material and indispensable power to be employed for that purpose. And furthermore, that the President must be allowed to prefer to be governed by the organic national law, which, while it will enable him to exercise his great trust with complete success, receives the sanction of the highest authorities of our own country, and is sustained by the general consent of the people, for whom alone that Constitution was established.

FOREIGNERS HAVE NO MORE RIGHTS THAN NATIVES.

Mr. Seward states that at the time of the arrest of Messrs. Patrick and Rahming it was not known that they were British subjects; but he infers that the knowledge of that fact would have made no difference in the matter, when he says that "the safety of the whole people has become, in the present emergency, the supreme law, and so long as the danger shall exist to all classes of society equally, *the denizen and the citizen must cheerfully acquiesce in the measures which that law prescribes.*"

THE BELLIGERENTS IN MISSOURI.

General Price is said to have been reinforced by a large body of rebels under Ben M'Culloch, and their combined forces are said to be at Osceola, which they have fortified, and where they are awaiting the approach of General Frémont, who, at last accounts (Friday night), was at Warsaw engaged in crossing the Osage River, over which General Siegel's division had already crossed.

RECAPTURE OF LEXINGTON.

On 16th October Major White, of the First Missouri Regiment, with one hundred and fifty of his men, surprised the rebel garrison at Lexington, and recaptured the place and all the sick and wounded Union prisoners. Major White also captured two cannon, a quantity of guns, pistols, and other articles which the rebels in their flight threw away.

THE FIGHT AT BOLIVAR.

Early in the morning of the 16th the rebels showed themselves on Bolivar Heights, overlooking the ferry, and commenced an attack with ordnance upon three companies of the Thirteenth Massachusetts, under Major Gould, stationed on the north side of the river. The firing was kept up for about three hours, when three companies of the Third Wisconsin crossed the river, charged upon the enemy, and succeeded in capturing one of their cannon. They subsequently retreated in good order to the river, where they were reinforced by three companies of the Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania, and, under command of Colonel Geary, charged again upon the enemy, driving them from their position, and recapturing the cannon—a 32-pounder Columbiad—with which they returned across the river. Our forces had but three pieces of artillery, served on the north side of the river, while the enemy had seven pieces, together with a force of infantry and five hundred cavalry. They were completely routed, and driven back some three miles. Our loss was about seven killed and wounded, while that of the enemy was not less than one hundred and fifty, including Colonel Ashby, who was in command.

Parties who arrived at Baltimore on 18th from Harper's Ferry report that the rebels had renewed their attack on the Union forces under Major Gould, on Linden and Bolivar Heights, and that the fight was still going on. Major Gould felt confident that he could maintain his ground until reinforcements arrived.

REPORTED NAVAL ENGAGEMENT IN THE MISSISSIPPI.

Information reached us last week from rebel sources—the Norfolk *Examiner*—of a naval combat between the rebel vessels off New Orleans, under command of Captain Hollins, on Friday, 11th, and the United States blockading squadron, in which Captain Hollins claims that he had dispersed and drove ashore the vessels of the squadron, and sunk the sloop of war *Preble* with his iron-clad vessel. Captain Hollins describes the affair in an official dispatch, and reports that the fight lasted an hour, that he drove all the United States vessels ashore, and "peppered them well."

The Petersburg (Virginia) *Express* publishes Captain Hollins's official dispatch, and then proceeds to give details of the action. It asserts that the rebel iron gun-boat *Turtle* ran against the *Preble* and sunk her without firing a gun. The shots from the National vessels are said to have done no injury to her iron-cased sides. She then turned on the other two vessels, and they, in their efforts to get away, went aground. The *Preble*, it is said, can not be raised. According to the *Express* a large quantity of prisoners, arms, and ammunition were taken by the Confederates. New Orleans was illuminated on the night of the 14th in honor of the presumed victory.

ESCAPE OF THE "NASHVILLE."

The steamship *Nashville* is reported to have run the blockade at Charleston and sailed for Europe, with James M. Mason, of Virginia, Confederate Commissioner to England, and John Slidell, of Louisiana, Commissioner to France, on board. She is commanded by Robert P. Pegram, who was a lieutenant in the United States naval service, which he entered in 1829. The *Nashville* is a side-wheel steamer, 1220 tons burden, and was built in this city in 1853. She is entirely owned in Charleston. Government dispatched three fast gun-boats in chase of her on 16th.

Per contra, it is stated in the Richmond *Enquirer* of the 15th inst. that Messrs. Slidell and Mason did not leave Charleston in the *Nashville*, and that that steamer is still in the port of Charleston.

AN INTERCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

Government has at last virtually, though not directly, consented to an exchange of prisoners. Fifty-seven of the rebels, in custody at Washington and in this harbor—a number corresponding with the number of those lately released at Richmond on parole, and sent home under a flag of truce by way of Fortress Monroe—have been released, on taking the oath of allegiance, or giving their parole not to take up arms again against the Government. The proportion to be released at Washington was designated by the Government; those released here were selected by the officer commanding the post.

IMPORTANT ORDER TO GENERAL FREMONT.

The Secretary of War has issued an important order, addressed to Major-General Frémont, on matters connected with that officer's command in the Department of the West. In the first place, all contracts are to be made by disbursing officers, and are not to be transferred to irresponsible agents, or to those who do not hold commissions from the President, and are not under bonds. In the next place, the Secretary orders the erection of field-works around St. Louis and Jefferson City to be discontinued. The erection of barracks in the former city is also to be discontinued. The attention of General Frémont is further directed to the report that troops of General Lane's command have been committing depredations upon Union people in Western Missouri.

OUR SEA-COAST DEFENSES.

Secretary Seward has addressed a circular to Governor Morgan, and the other Governors of States on the seaboard, recommending that the State authorities take measures to perfect the fortifications and other harbor defenses—the expense to be reimbursed by the General Government at some future period.

A TELEGRAPH TO SALT LAKE CITY.

A telegraphic dispatch, sent on 18th from Great Salt Lake City, the capital of the Territory of Utah, was published in the papers of 19th as received from Brigham Young by Hon. J. H. Wade, President of the Pacific Telegraph Company, in Cleveland. The great Apostle of the "Saints" announces the important fact that Utah has not seceded, but is firm for the Constitution and the laws.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.

BREAD TROUBLES.

Considerable agitation existed in some of the Paris faubourgs on account of the high price of bread. Seditious placards were numerous, and some arrests had been made. Forty thousand workmen are stated to be out of employment in Lyons, and the authorities were taking measures to provide for them. The Paris money market was in a very uncertain state. A protracted Cabinet Council had been held, at which the Emperor presided, and at which grain and bread furnished the principal topics of discussion.

PRINCE NAPOLEON'S REPORT ON THIS COUNTRY.

Prince Napoleon, at present on a tour of observation in this country, is said to have transmitted to the French Emperor an important State paper relating to American affairs. The character of the paper is at present unknown.

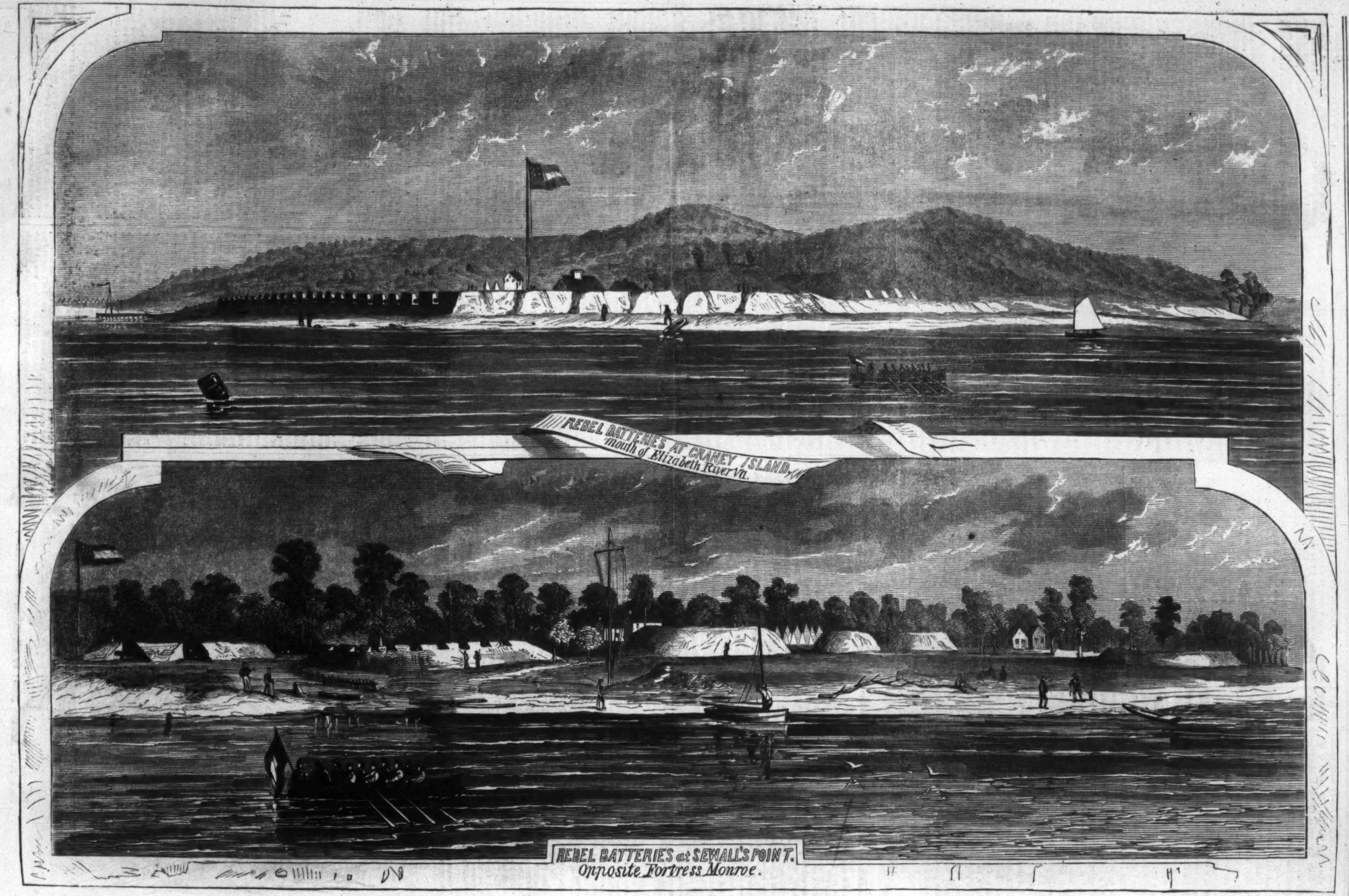
MOVEMENTS OF NOTABLES.

The King of Prussia has paid a two days' visit to Napoleon at Compeigne. The meeting is said to have been cordial. The King of Holland was expected in France on the 11th of October. Garibaldi has left Caprera, but his destination is unknown.

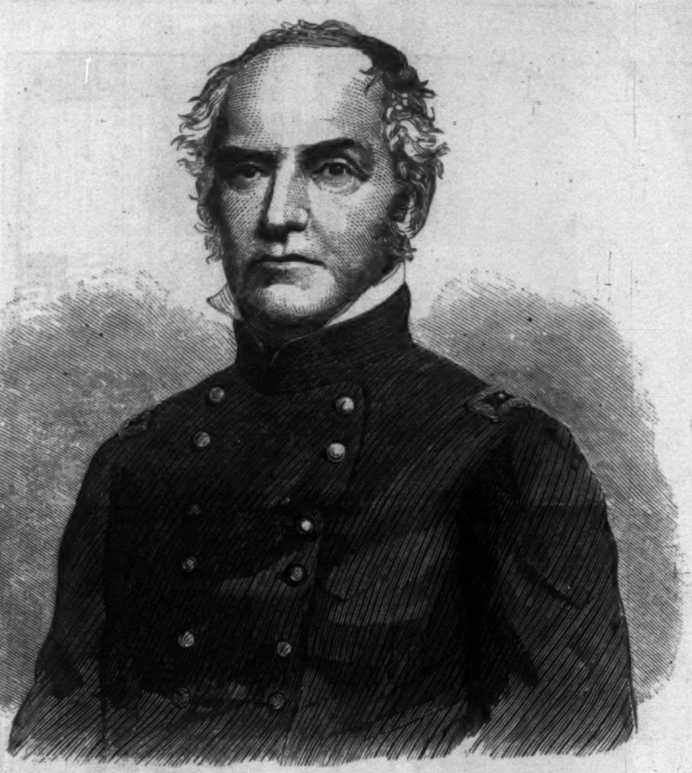
ITALY.

THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

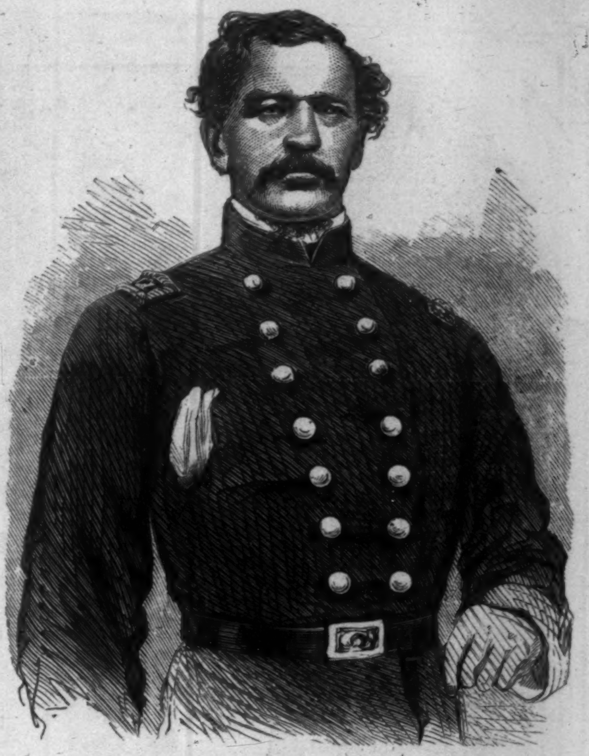
From Italy we have the assurance that the relations of the Italian and French Governments are as satisfactory as possible, and that the delay in the settlement of the Roman question is not in consequence of any desire on the part of France for a cession of Italian territory. The Pope, at a recent Consistory, is said to have denounced compromise in the strongest terms.


REBEL BATTERIES AT CRANEY ISLAND,
mouth of Elizabeth River Va.
REBEL BATTERIES at SEWALL'S POINT.
Opposite Fortress Monroe.

THE REBEL BATTERIES ON SEWALL'S POINT AND CRANEY ISLAND.—FROM AUTHENTIC SKETCHES JUST TAKEN.—[SEE PAGE 699.]



THE LATE GENERAL E. D. BAKER, KILLED IN BATTLE OCTOBER 21, 1861.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



THE LATE COLONEL SMITH, OF THE THIRTEENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY L. S. HICKS, WILLIAMSBURGH, L. I.]

THE LATE GENERAL BAKER.

WE publish herewith, from a photograph by Brady, a portrait of the late GENERAL BAKER, who fell gallantly at the head of his brigade, at the battle near Leesburg, on 21st October. General Edward D. Baker was a native of the State of Illinois, and a great personal friend of President Lincoln. He was a representative in Congress from Illinois during the years 1846 and 1847, and was subsequently Senator for the new State of Oregon. General Baker's military career shows that this is not his first campaign, for we find that in July, 1846, he was Colonel of the Fourth Regiment of twelve months' Illinois Volunteers in the Mexican war, and commanded the brigade of General Shields after his fall. He distinguished himself at the battle of Cerro Gordo. He received his discharge in May, 1847. In a military capacity he was not again known until the present troubles commenced, when at the monster meeting in Union Square he ascended the principal platform and boldly announced that, if he could get only a few followers, he would as boldly go forth and battle for the Union. How the words of the white-haired Senator told upon the loyal citizens of the North time has already proven. He organized the California regiment and led it to the field. When offered a Brigadier and even a Major Generalship, he refused both, preferring to be at the head of the regiment he had organized; and although acting in this battle as a General, he was simply the Colonel of the First California Regiment which started from this city.

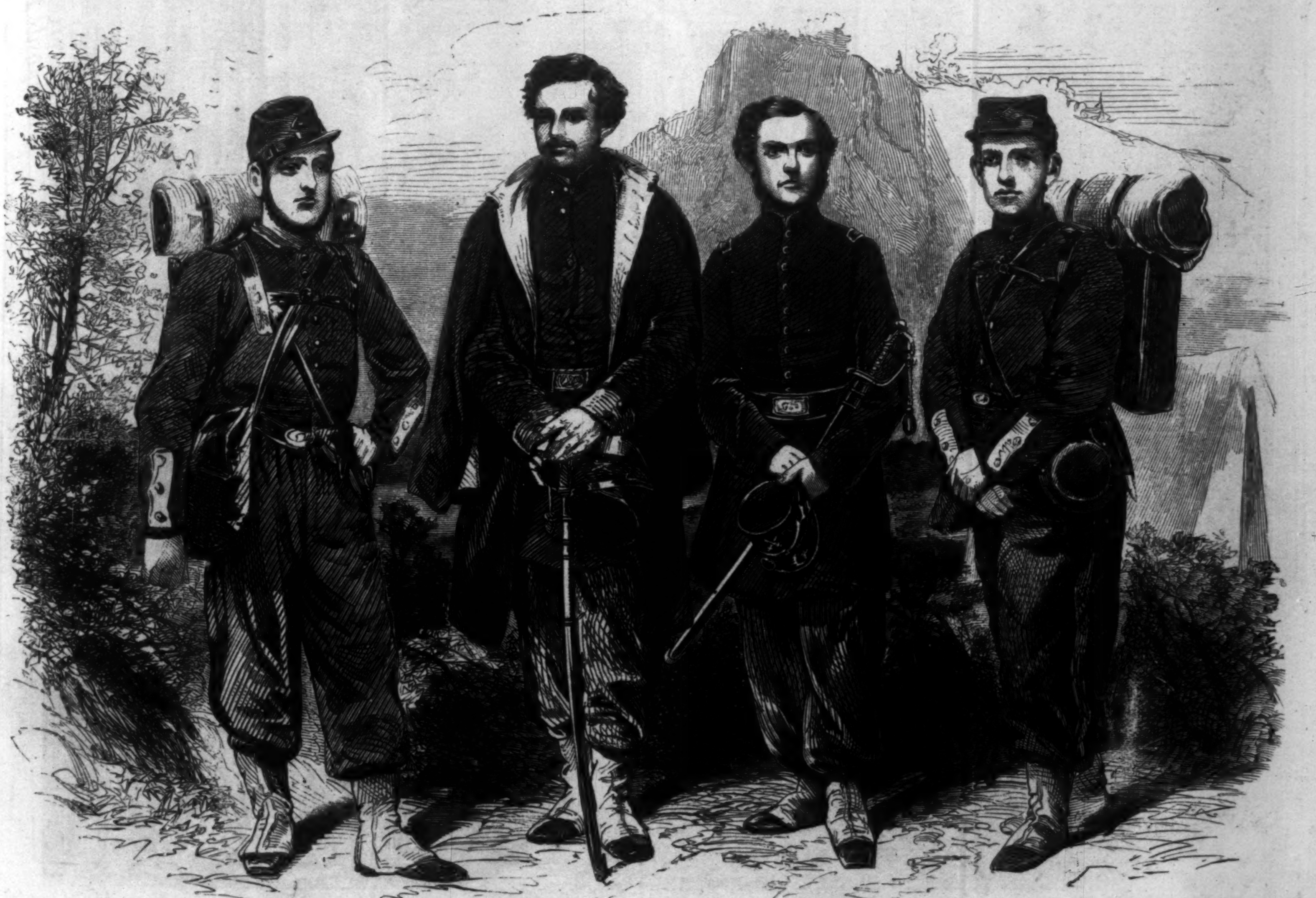
THE LATE COLONEL SMITH.

WE publish herewith a portrait of the late COLONEL ABEL SMITH, who commanded the Thirteenth Regiment New York State Militia during their recent three months' campaign, and who met his death so unexpectedly last week at Mechanicsville, in this State.

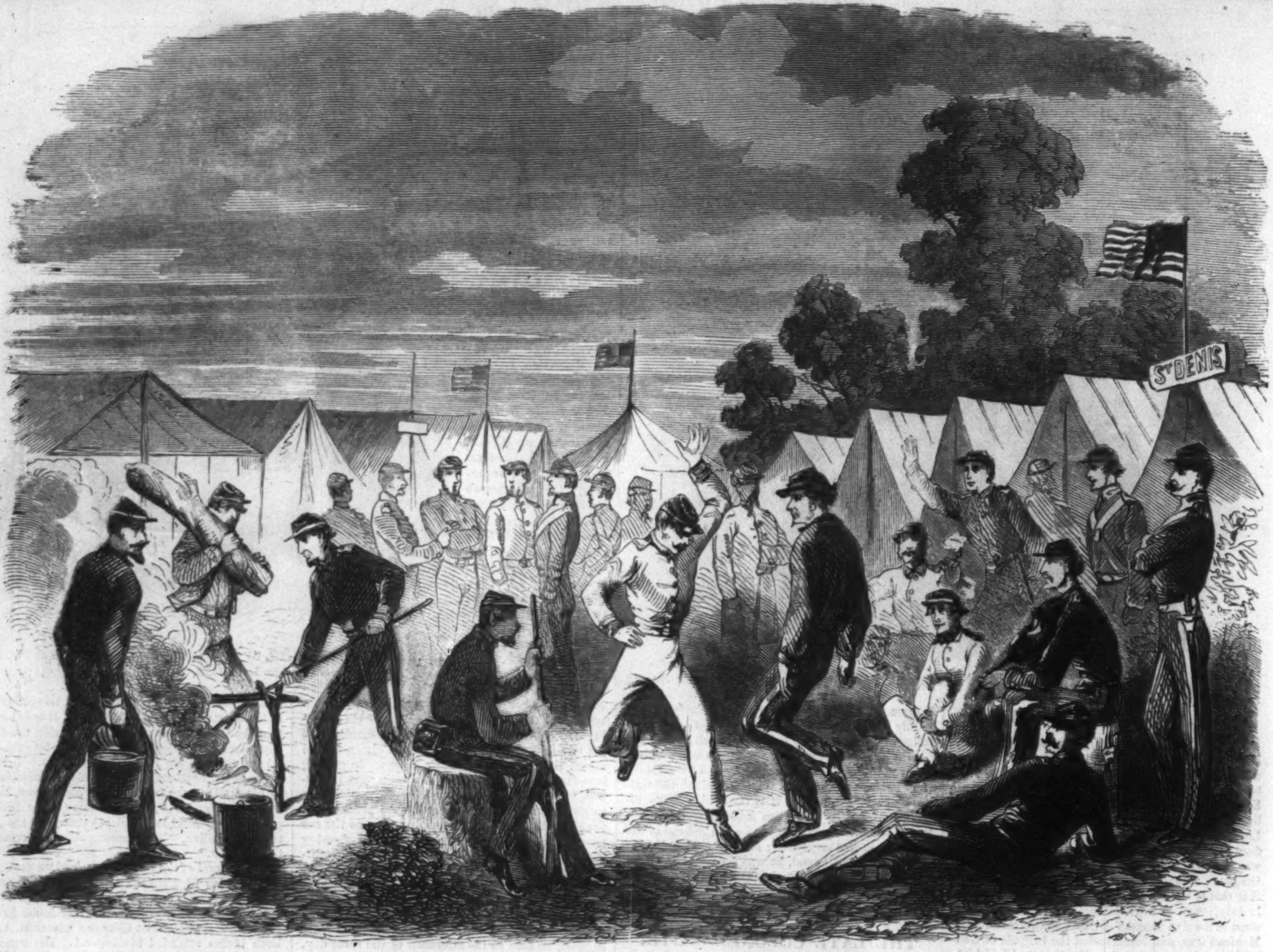
Colonel Smith was an old resident of Brooklyn, and was greatly respected. On his return from his three months' service he undertook to reorganize the Thirteenth Regiment for the war. We quote from the *Herald:*

"He was one of the first to respond to the call of the President, and proceeded to Annapolis with his regiment, of which post he was the commander for a time. He then, as on previous occasions, displayed great courage and discretion, and discharged his onerous duties to the entire satisfaction of the War Department. For several weeks past Colonel Smith had been actively engaged in reorganizing the Thirteenth Regiment, numbers of which, who were ardently attached to their Colonel, having rejoined his command; and it was in the act of rallying his men together that he met with the accident which, after a few hours of suffering, occasioned his death. The Colonel left New York last week for Whitehall, where a number of recruits were waiting to be conveyed to Brooklyn for his regiment. On reaching Mechanicsville, early on Friday morning, he got out, that place being but a short distance from where the friends of his wife reside. In getting into the railroad car, while the train was in motion, he slipped his foot, and the concussion was so great that terrible fractures were produced in the shoulder, arms, and legs. As soon as the car passed over he raised himself up, and supposing that he was not seriously injured, he tore his coat-sleeve off with the hand which was not injured, at the same time remarking, 'I guess I am not hurt a great deal.' He was immediately conveyed to the hotel near by, and though every thing was done for him that medical skill and kindness could suggest, he died in the afternoon of the same day. The mother of the late gallant Colonel Ellsworth was in attendance, and did all in her power to alleviate the sufferings of Colonel Smith—stimulated, no doubt, by the remembrance of the sad end of her noble son, whose memory will be ever green in the hearts of all true Americans. It is believed that the Colonel was unconscious during the time that elapsed between his being taken into the hotel and the moment he breathed his last. Intelligence of the accident was promptly communicated to his family, who reside in Lorimer Street, Williamsburgh, and his wife and son (Major Smith) proceeded to Mechanicsville, but arrived too late to see him alive. They accompanied his remains to Brooklyn."

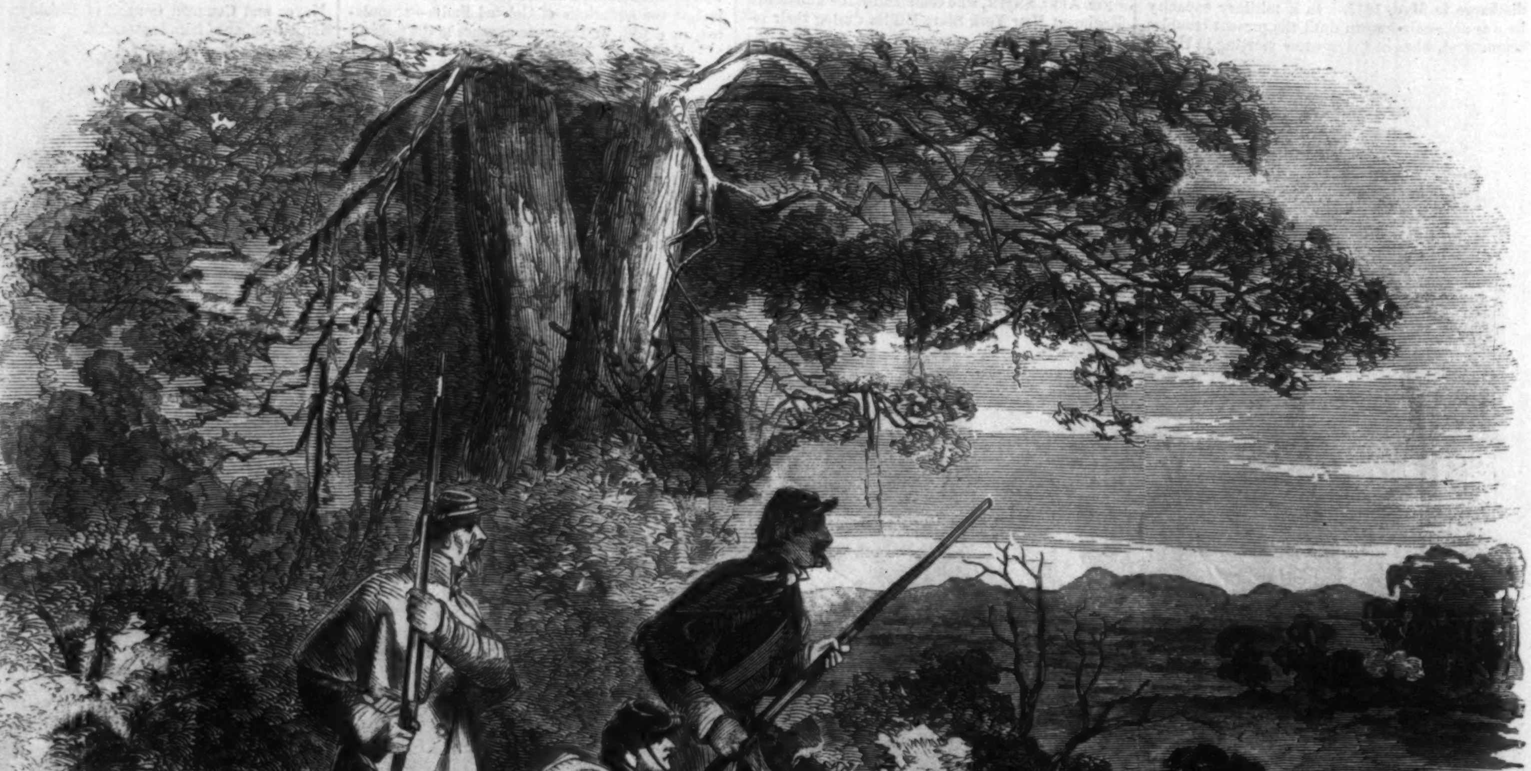
The funeral of the deceased took place on Tuesday, October 22, from the residence of his family, corner of Lorimer and North Second streets. Colonel Smith was a member of Corner Stone Lodge F. A. M., and of De Witt Clinton Chapter R. A. M. Both bodies attended his funeral. His remains were taken to Cypress Hill Cemetery, the Fifth Brigade N. Y. S. M. acting as an escort. The Mayor and Common Council of Brooklyn and a large number of friends attended.



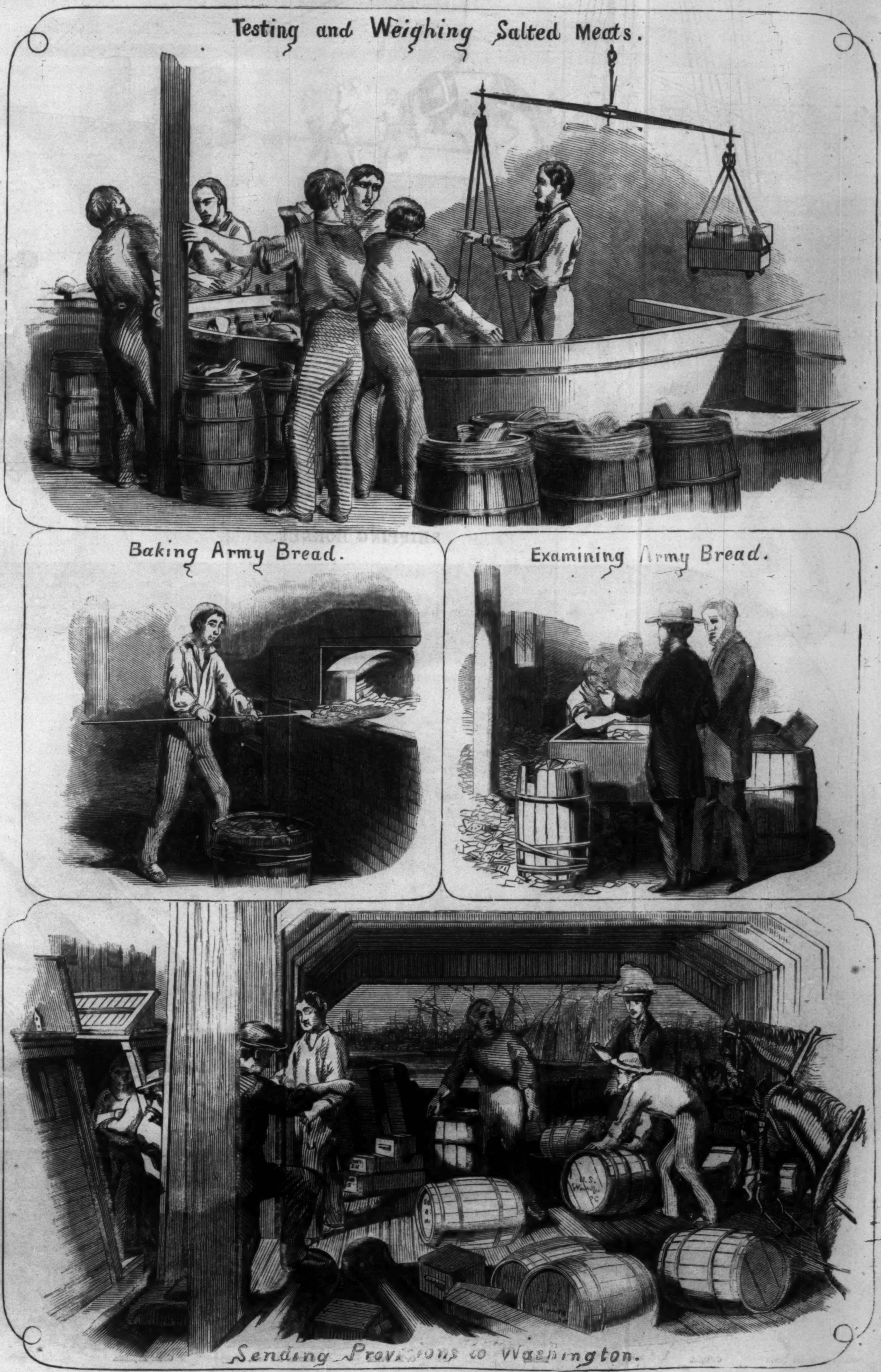
UNIFORM OF COLONEL GEARY'S ARTILLERY (GENERAL BANKS'S DIVISION).—[SEE PAGE 703.]



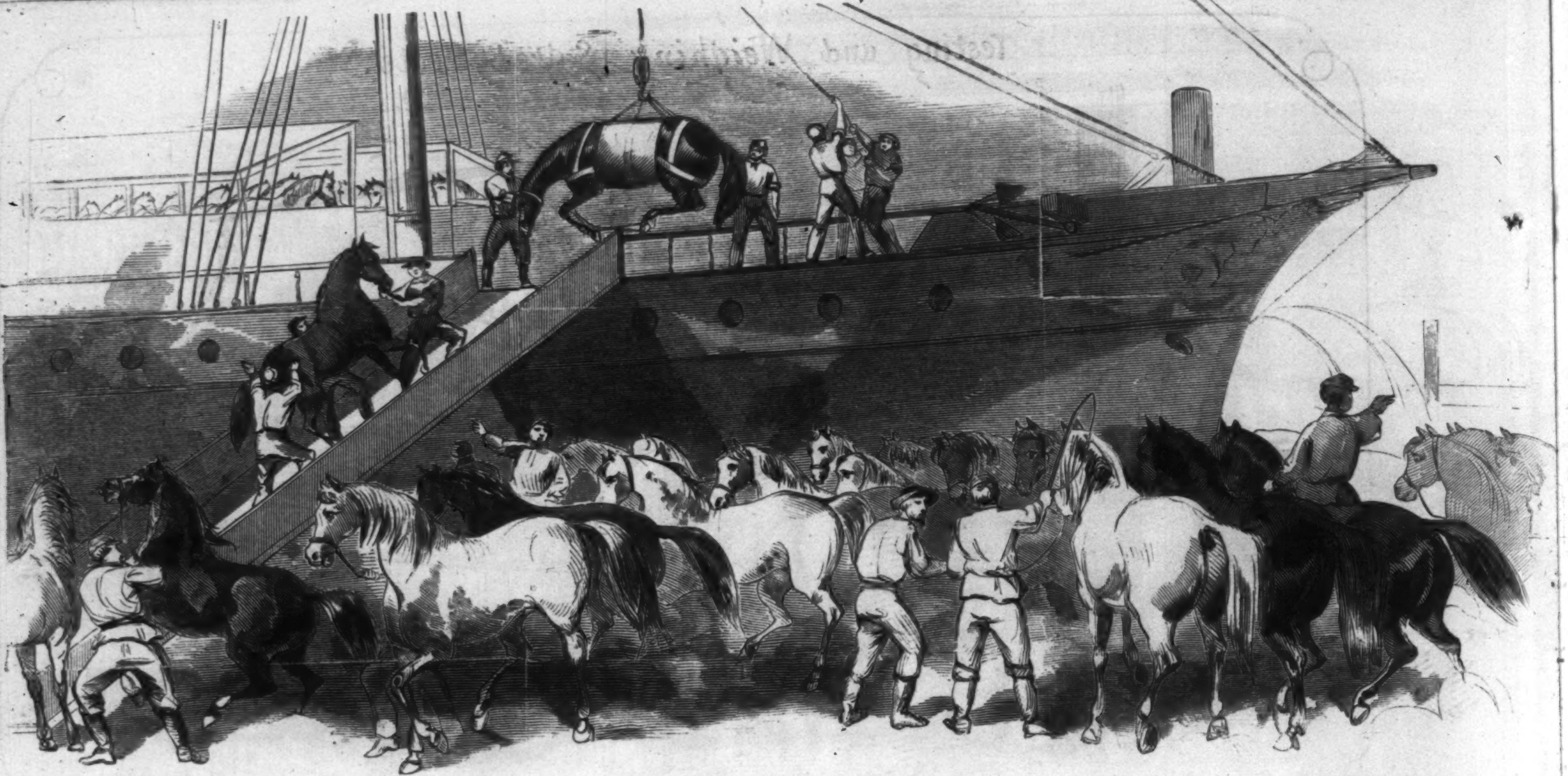
THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—SCENE IN CAMP AFTER EVENING PARADE.



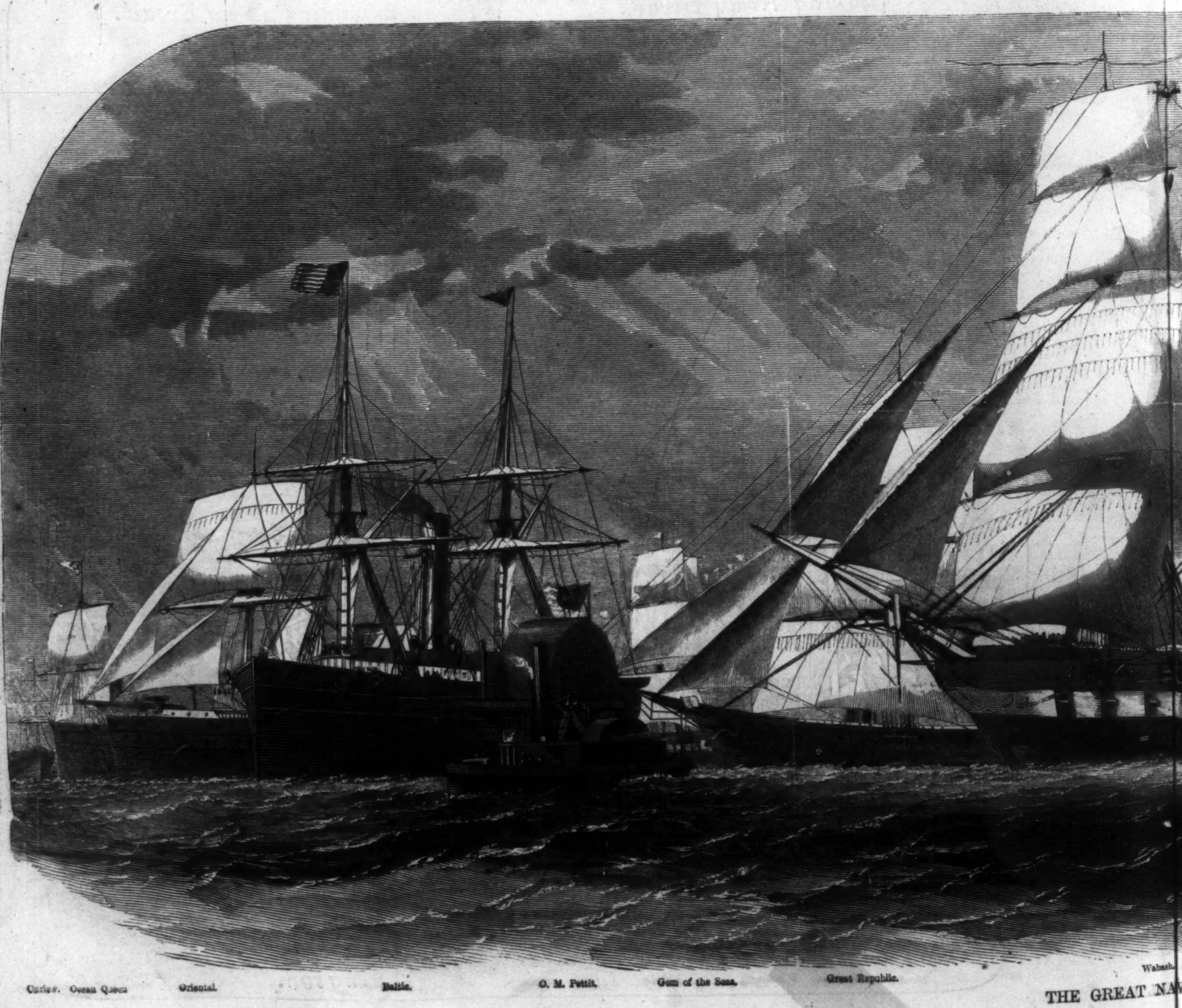
THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—THE PICKET-GUARD.


Testing and Weighing Salted Meats.
Baking Army Bread.
Examining Army Bread.
U.S. Washington D.C.
Sending Provisions to Washington.

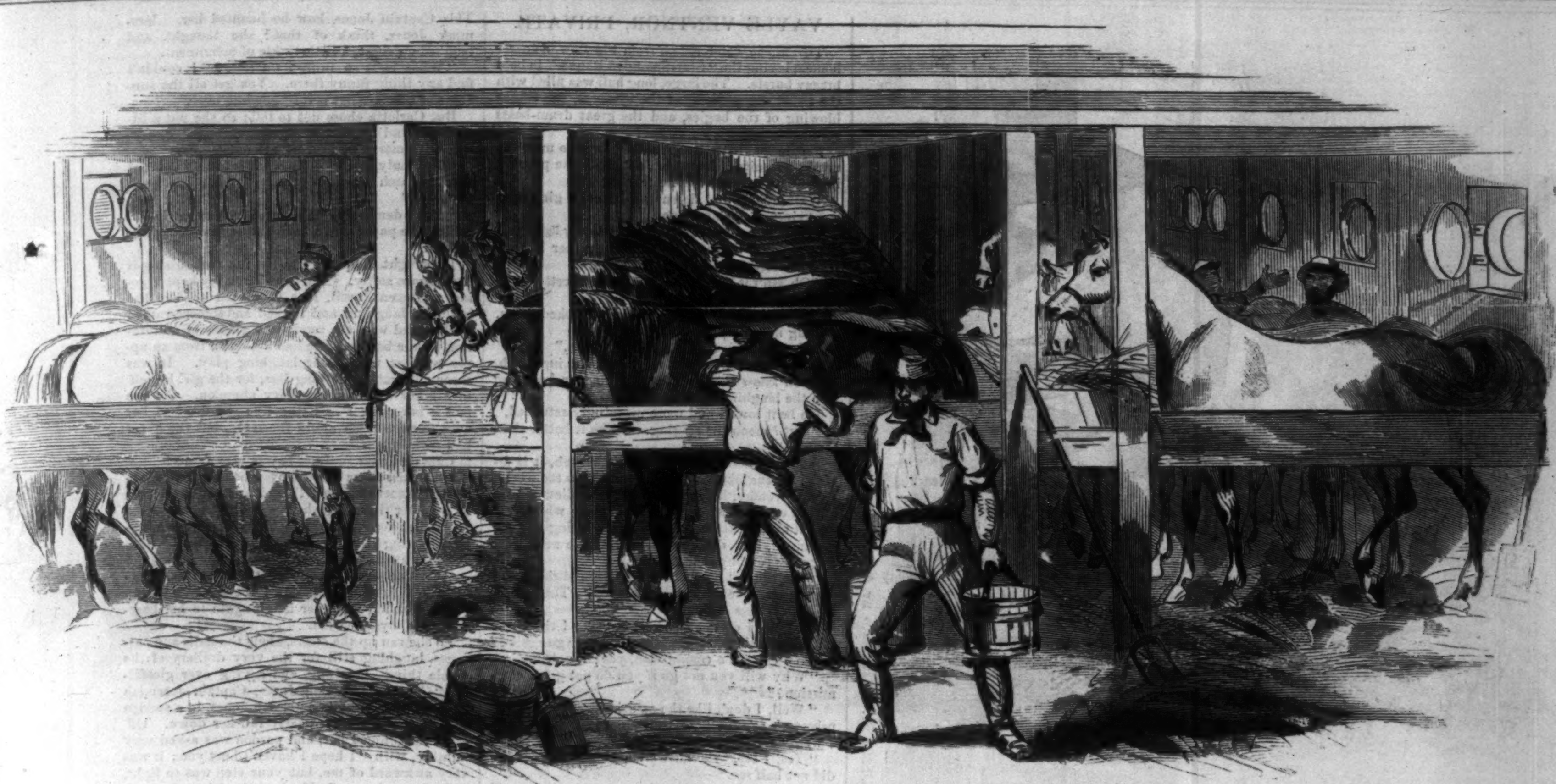
PROVISIONS FOR THE ARMY.—[See Page 699.]



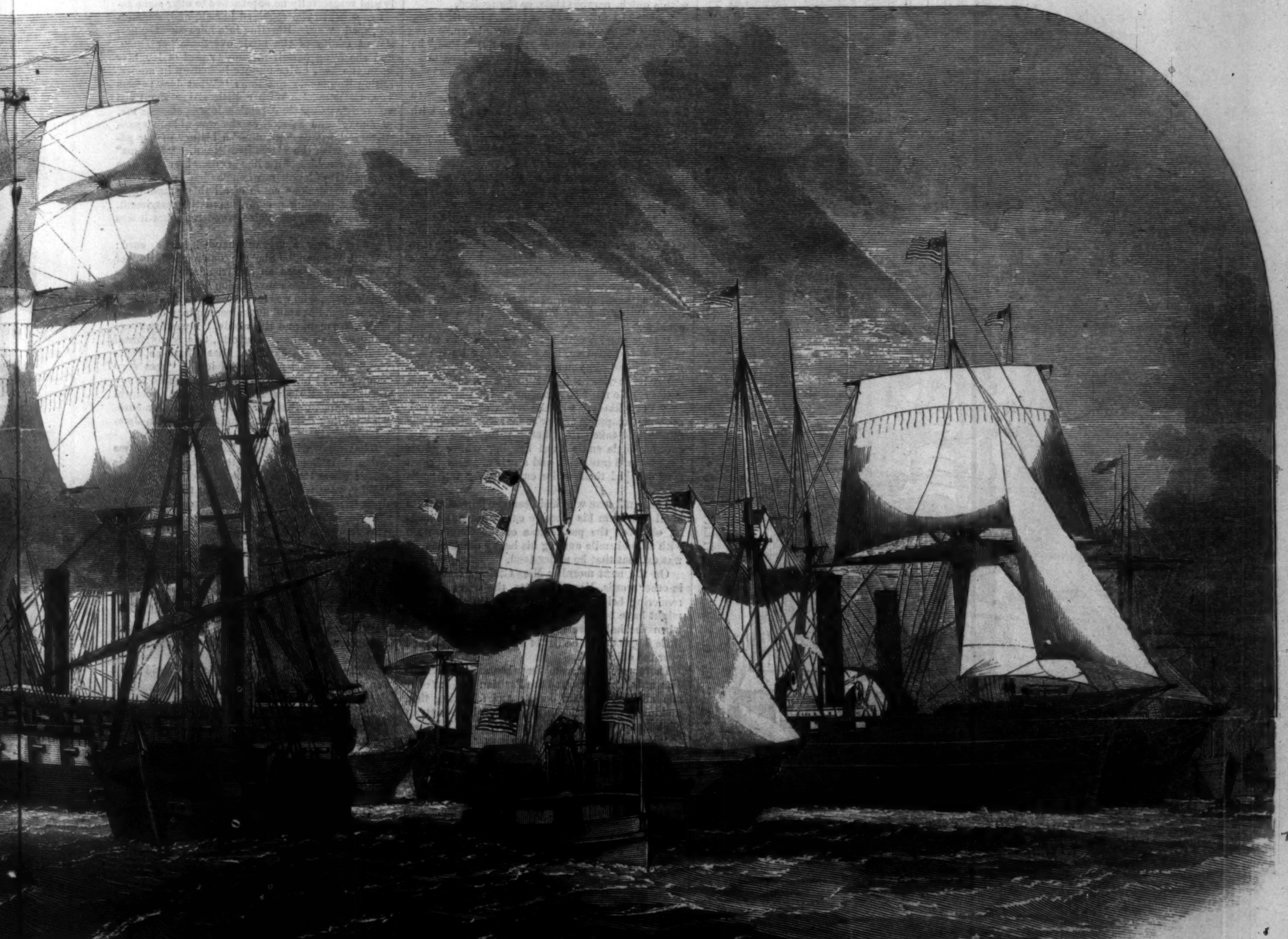
SHIPPING HORSES.


Curlew.
Ocean Queen.
Oriental.
Baltic.
O. M. Pettit.
Gem of the Seas.
Great Republic.
Wabash.

THE GREAT NA

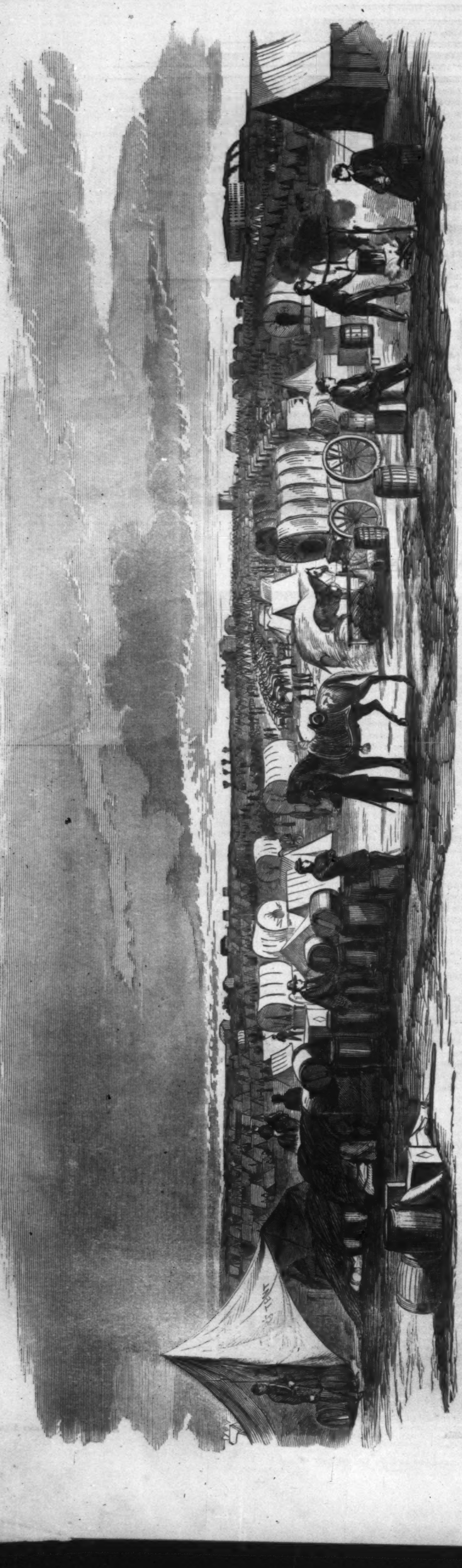


HORSES IN STALLS BETWEEN DECKS



bash.
Seneca.
Pembina.
Connecticut.
Mercury.
Unadilla.
Augusta.
Alabama.
James Adgar.

NAVAL EXPEDITION.



CAMP OF GENERAL HUNTER'S AND GENERAL ASBOTH'S DIVISIONS (GENERAL FREMONT'S ARMY), AT TIPTON, MISSOURI.—[SKETCHED BY ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.]

VAYLE VENTNOR, PRIVATE.

THE music wandered off from Flowtow to nearer home, playing the "Star-Spangled Banner" in bold breezy bursts. The large, long hall was filled with the sweet sharp shocks of the cymbals, the bright blowing of the bugles, and the great drum-beats rolling through.

People let their thoughts flow forth to meet the music, as suited them best, out upon the piazzas, in the parlors, or in the large, long hall.

Walking up and down the latter, a girl voice went singing the first line,

"Oh say, can you see by the dawn's early light?"

then ceasing, beating her palms together in time with the striking cymbals, she says,

"Oh, isn't it lovely?" lingering in a pretty drawl upon the "lovely."

The gentleman walking beside her looked down, smiling mischief, as he replied,

"Very lovely, Carlotta, sing it again."

"Nonsense! I do not mean my singing. Ah, but you know that I don't!" looking up laughing into the laughing face.

He bent lower, and more meaningly returned,

"But *I* mean the singing. I like it better than the band."

"No, no, don't talk so, but listen—ah, it is divine! divine! better than any music in the world. I don't wonder, listening to it, that soldiers realize all the excitement and not the danger when they march to the battle-field to such inspiring strains. Raymond, how did you feel when the men were dropping round you at Manassas?"

"Oh, as most men feel; after the first shock and dread passes the nerves grow steady. Thus easily we get careless of human lives."

"Ah no, I do not think it is that; I think the soul rises to the occasion. But will you go again?"

"If I can get a commission, yes; if not, no."

"Why will you not go if you do not get a commission?"

"Well, I don't like the associations generally as private. It's too hard work, and if I risk my life I want to choose the way."

"Yes, I see," she answered, absently, as if she did not half see."

"You would be glad to have me go, Carlotta?" bending again, with eager interest. She knew what he meant, and a little color of crimson fused into the faint pink cheek, and she unfurled her fan with a quick, nervous slide, as she replied,

"I would be glad for every man to go that can, specially those without wives and children."

"They may have mothers; you forget that," he said, with an irritated, jeering sort of a laugh.

But she was very serious, almost solemn, as she returned,

"Yes, that is very true; I didn't forget. My brother went, you know; and he goes again, with *our* mother's consent."

"I know." That was all he said, but it was said in softer accents, under conviction.

Then in a moment more he began,

"And the tie of a lover, Carlotta." A little tinkling clash, and the pretty pearl fan was lying broken upon the floor, making grievous interruption. Swinging it to and fro, it had swung far out, and fell at a gentleman's feet who was sitting on one of the side couches. He brought it to her, and received a little airy "Thank you," and a smile of which her companion looked envious.

"I wonder who he is?" she exclaimed, watching the "gentleman" as he returned down the hall. "I've noticed him sitting there all the evening."

"*Have* you?" with satiric emphasis, to which she paid no attention, but went on heedlessly:

"Yes; and did you see what an air he has—how loftily he carries his head? Military, too, do you notice? He must be a new arrival."

"Very likely," was the reply, crossly enough now, and snapping two or three more sticks of the fan he had taken from her. Whereupon such a cunning little smile went flashing whiter pearls than he held into view, and a pair of merry brown eyes dropped their white curtains, for modesty's sake.

The gentleman who had been the innocent cause of all this, from his place on one of the side couches, observed the pantomime of the conversation with an odd smile curling his heavy mustache. It was evident that he understood.

On the next morning Miss Carlotta Delevan—in other words, Miss Charlotte, the sweet Spanish rendering being the work of her Cuban nurse—might have been seen, somewhere after breakfast, when the halls are mostly vacant, running her little finger down the list of arrivals, as she leaned over the office-desk.

There were Smiths, and Smythes, and aristocratic Howards, and Vans, and the Parisian De', but only one military Captain Jones; and following this, making it more noticeable from the sharp contrast of euphony, was one name, the last, Vayle Ventnor.

"Vayle Ventnor!" She ran it over in her mind. The oddest name in the world. But she had found what she sought; her military hero of the lofty carriage was Captain Jones. So, satisfied, she went sauntering out upon the piazza and met the military hero, "Captain Jones," sauntering too. She drooped her pretty head in pretty remembrance, and received a most graceful "reverence" in return; then with gentlemanly courtesy he turned off from his walk, leaving her alone.

So she sauntered slowly, thinking, "There's something fine about the man—not so handsome though as Raymond Mays; horrid name too, 'Jones!' Heigh-ho!" yawning, "I wish I had the morning's paper. Ah! there comes Raymond; I'll ask him. Raymond," nodding and smiling her greeting, "is that the paper you have? Yes? Thank you!" nodding again, and dropping into a chair to unfold and look it over, talking meanwhile to Raymond, who seated himself near.

Looking down a list of soldiers, what should she come upon but those two names again. First, among the officers, "Jeremiah Jones, Captain;" then, lower down, "Vayle Ventnor, Private." This Captain Jones, how he haunted her. Jeremiah Jones, think of that! she thought, and laughed outright, a little tinkle of merriment.

"What is it so funny, Carlotta? I couldn't find any thing funny there. You get all the sunshine of life. What is it?" bending over.

But Carlotta chose not to tell; so she put a little slim hand between his eyes and the paper, saying, with merry malice, "Curious?"

"No; only interested in what interests you. I want to catch your sunny way. Can't you teach me how?"

"Yes," demurely, "I'll teach you to catch it," rolling the paper into a ball, and tossing it lightly to him.

He caught the paper and the fun too, tossing it back again softly. And to and fro they kept it going a moment, until, in a backward bend of her head, all laughing and flushed and breeze-ruffled as the head was, she received a glance of admiration from a bearded face looking down from an upper window upon their laughing play. It was sheer admiration, nothing less, for the girl herself in all her bright momentary abandon. As she met it her color rose naturally; she dropped her eyes to raise them again furtively, but the gazer had withdrawn.

Captain Jones again. It was very funny.

And then there rushed over her mind—"CAPTAIN JEREMIAH JONES!" and another little peal of laughter tinkled forth.

"What does possess you, la Carlotta, this morning?" young Mays questioned, smilingly.

She drew a long face, and answered,

"Captain Jeremiah Jones possesses me, Raymond!" And flinging down the paper, she ran away, tinkling forth her laugh again to her hearer's utter mystification.

So she ran up the stairs, along the halls and passages, laughing still for the very drollery of the whole thing—laughing, and saying over gleefully, "Captain Jeremiah Jones, Captain Jeremiah Jones," when Captain Jeremiah Jones, in a sudden turn around a corner, nearly ran her down. Off came the plumed hat, and pardon was asked very humbly, with "I hope I haven't hurt you; it was very awkward of me, but your step was so light, and mine so heavy." She leaned against the wall, not hurt, but so startled that she couldn't speak for a moment.

She *was* hurt, then, he thought, and very gravely and respectfully he approached to offer some assistance, when she regained herself, and, explaining, sped away. Bursting into her room, the persistent oddity of the affair overcame her again, and she flung herself in another peal of laughter upon the bed. Her mother looked up in amaze, asking Raymond's question: "What does possess you, Carlotta?" With a little silver shout she answered, "Captain Jeremiah Jones possesses me, mamma;" and as soon as she was able to speak further she gave "mamma" a history of her adventures with the above gentleman. "Mamma" took the sunshine of life like her daughter; so there were a pair of laughers when she had ended.

The unconscious cause of all this, standing at the office lighting a cigar, heard the merriment, and, recognizing one voice, wondered what it was about.

After dinner a servant handed her a card: "Ward Wyman." She ran down gleefully, for Ward Wyman was an old friend, and there she found him in close conversation with Captain Jeremiah Jones, who was for turning away as the lady approached, but staid at the peremptory command of Mr. Wyman, and the words, "I want you two to know each other. Carlotta, this is my friend Ventnor—Vayle Ventnor, Miss Charlotte Delevan." The gentleman bowed lowly, "was very happy, etc.;" but Carlotta was too amazed to say a word, and all the while trying in vain to control the merriment that dimpled round her mouth. Through her mind went running, "Captain Jeremiah Jones!"

That night when Mays, Raymond Mays, came up to their hotel she had to tell him the whole story: it was too funny to keep. How he laughed! "Why, you little goose, can't you tell an officer's dress from a private's?"

"No, indeed: how should I?" she answered.

"Ventnor? Ventnor?" he repeated. "Ward"—to Wyman, who was just passing—"who is this fellow?"

"What fellow?"

"This Ventnor?"

Ward Wyman twinkled with suppressed amusement.

"This fellow, Mays, is the son of Richmond Ventnor, whose house you visited with me, in Paris, five years ago."

"The dickens it is! What in the world is his son serving merely as a private for?"

"You must ask him."

"Why his income must be a small fortune, and his associations and family advantages such that he might have almost any post. What does he mean?"

Thus, in his surprise, Raymond Mays ran on, unconscious that he was adding still more interest to the quondam Captain in the mind of Carlotta.

He saw his mistake by-and-by, when the band struck up "Die Schonbrunner," and passing by, Vayle Ventnor, encouraged by the cordial smile that greeted him from la Carlotta, approached and asked her, "Would she honor him with two or three turns?" adding, apologetically, "that he was scarcely a fit cavalier for a lady in his rough soldier's costume." But Carlotta thought differently, and said something very pretty and patriotic to him as she accepted the invitation. The fact was, Carlotta was wild with curiosity to know how such a Fortune favorite came to be in his present position, as "Vayle Ventnor, Private;" and so she determined to follow up the acquaintance till she had satisfied her Eve-like propensity. It wasn't a pleasant waltz to one person there. Raymond Mays stood chewing the cud of bitter reflection. Poor Mays! he thought he was dying for Carlotta Delevan; and perhaps he was, but it would be an easy death—because Mays never took any thing hardly, not even the small-pox, which once visited him, leaving one white mark on the side of his handsome nose.

It wasn't pleasant to see Ventnor's splendid sliding ease of step as he whirled past with Carlotta. If he had made a bungle of it he could have forgiven him, but that perfect movement defied criticism. After the waltz the two strolled out upon the piazza, and here suddenly the gentleman reeled, and would have fallen, had it not been for the slight little arm that was linked within his. He sat down, and presently explained.

"I have been ill, Miss Delevan, and the change of air after the exercise made my head spin."

"Oh, you are off on furlough, getting well?" she asked, with some satisfaction.

"Exactly," he replied, not a little amused at her direct simplicity, "off on furlough, getting well—that is just it, Miss Delevan."

She colored a little—had she been too curious? But his manner was very frank and kind, so her mind eased itself, and the talk flowed so readily that she found it was eleven o'clock before she knew it. Rising to go in, she said to him:

"Come to our private parlor, Mr. Ventnor, and let me present you to my mother: she will be glad to make you comfortable if you are an invalid, and to ask you about the army, for our Will's sake."

He thanked her brightly. He liked the cordial freedom of her invitation, and told her how glad he would be to come.

So it came to pass that morning after morning "Vayle Ventnor, Private," might be seen half-sitting, half-reclining, upon Mrs. Delevan's own particular lounge in her own particular private parlor. On one of these mornings Carlotta was enlightened.

It began in this way: She had picked up an old paper, and her eye fell upon the two names again in a roll-call—"Vayle Ventnor, Private," and "Jeremiah Jones, Captain."

She laughed out with the gleeful memory—then told him the whole story; but the telling is too *naive* to lose.

To his question, "What is it so funny, Miss Delevan?" she replied,

"Why, you must know that when you first arrived, the day after you picked up my fan, you remember, I thought you were Captain Jeremiah Jones."

"You thought—how should you think that?"

"Well, you see, when you restored my fan that night I remarked to Raymond Mays, as you went back to your seat, that you were military. The next morning, as I was looking over the list of arrivals, I came upon the two names—'Captain Jones and Vayle Ventnor;' and I supposed, of course, that you were the officer, as I had no knowledge of military dress-distinction, and there was but *one* military prefix, and I remembered your costume as belonging to some regiment. Do you see?"

"Yes, I see," he answered, trying not to smile at her straight simplicity.

"But who in the world *is* 'Captain Jones—Captain Jeremiah Jones?'" she suddenly asked. "I haven't thought of the real Captain actually since I discovered my mistake—how funny!"

"He returned the next day after his arrival—you probably didn't see him. He is the Captain of my company—a good fellow, and an excellent officer. But let me ask another question: How did you know his name to be Jeremiah?"

"Why, I saw it in a paper—like this," and she handed the one she held to him—then followed other little reminiscences—the meeting on the stairs, etc., till at last Carlotta asked a plump question, coloring prettily all the time,

"I want to know how *you* came to be serving as 'Private'—will you tell me?"

"Why *me* so especially?"

"Because Ward says you are rich and aristocratic. Richmond Ventnor's son."

He laughed.

"Yes, it is very true. I am rich and aristocratic, as the saying goes, and Richmond Ventnor's son; but what has that to do with it?" he concluded, determining to draw her out. She made her eyes very round at this; and then repeated the usual objections—the usual reasons why rich and influential men shouldn't serve as "privates"—Raymond Mays's objections and reasons.

He heard her through, then his whole face changed, as he turned it toward her, and his light laughing words of a moment since changed to perfect seriousness as he answered:

"Miss Delevan, when the news reached me of my country's peril I was in Paris at my father's house. A steamer sailed on the next day for America. I made my preparations and sailed in it. My life had been a student's life: I knew nothing whatever of military drill; but I was able and strong, from being a good gymnast—so I set myself to learn my new trade by enlisting as a private at once."

"But you have been serving three months—surely you have some experience now?" she interposed.

"It hasn't made a good soldier of me yet, at all events. I have much to learn before I shall think myself fitted to command in any degree. In the mean time, the country calls for a larger army, and because I am unfitted for an officer, shall I wait at such a time for a commission?"

"But you would not have to wait, with your connections in the military and political world," she said; not half seeing yet his modesty—his manliness.

"No, I would not have to wait, it is very true," he exclaimed, with some sarcasm. "Miss Delevan," sitting upright now, and lighting with scorn, "I am sick and ashamed of the shallow advantages of position—of the miserable presuming expectations that grow out of it. It is continually putting men in the wrong place, and building up gigantic errors—such errors as we are to-day striving to amend. It humiliates me to think that to my position in the world do I owe perhaps any advancement, instead of to my own strength and powers as a man. I long sometimes to throw off these 'circumstances,' and for a time to meet the world face to face, and on its own terms. But pardon me for boring you with my theories;" and he sank back upon the lounge again to silence.

So Carlotta was enlightened.

As she sat there in the silence she pondered what she had heard. This did not sound like Raymond Mays; yet Raymond Mays was a brave fellow, and a manly one. She had never heard any one talk like this before; but it struck an answering chord in her own nature. Of course she liked him better for it. *He* thought she didn't understand—that he had bored her with his earnestness on what he supposed would be a vague theory to her; for he looked upon her as only a sweeter specimen of the young lady genus, that bloomed in fashionable society.

By-and-by she said, in a dreamy, absent manner, as she sat, with her cheek leaning in her hand: "I wish you would talk in this way to Raymond Mays."

"Why to Raymond Mays?" he questioned, in surprise.

"Oh," still dreamily, thoughtfully, "he is waiting for a commission. He says he don't like the associations of a private's life—that it is too hard labor, and too generalizing; that if he is going to risk his life, he means to do it in a manner that is most agreeable to him," etc.

"Personal ambition! that is it; it stands in the way of the whole thing. Every man for himself, instead of a grand unit in thousands of men. . . . . But are you anxious for Mr. Mays to go?" and he here looked at her rather curiously.

"I am anxious for all men to go who can," as I told him.

"As you told him? But pardon me."

"I have nothing to pardon in that. But why do you ask it?"

"I was surprised."

"Surprised? Now I am curious. What is there surprising in that?"

"Miss Delevan, I wish you would let me ask *you* a plump question."

"I will."

"Are you not engaged to Mr. Mays?"

"Engaged to Raymond Mays? No. What put such a thought in your mind?"

"I can hardly tell; but I somehow receive the impression."

"And that is why you were surprised that I told him I was anxious for all men to go! Mr. Ventnor, I have never talked very earnestly upon any earnest topic with you, not because I have doubted your earnestness, but because I have met so few persons who feel just as I do upon many things that I am shy of speaking. But after your avowal a moment since, I know you will understand me when I say that, were I engaged to Mr. Mays, I could not wish him to stay behind at this issue, even awaiting a commission," she concluded, smiling. He looked at her with a new expression. This was fine, and he told her so.

"I don't know," she went on, thoughtfully. "Sometimes I think perhaps it is because I haven't been tried in that peculiar manner. Women whose husbands and lovers have gone, and to whom I have expressed this, say I am unwomanly, or that it is because I have never loved."

"It is because you are unselfish!" he exclaimed, with energy. "That is the mistake half the women make. They rarely discern between selfishness and unselfishness, where the heart is concerned. And you, Miss Delevan, are the first woman I ever met who could."

The honest admiration with which he regarded her at this point was unmistakable. It pleased her, of course, and she expressed it by saying, simply, "I am so glad you think so."

He gave a quick look into her face. Such a mixture of frankness and reserve, he couldn't make her out. Musing, he presently said,

"Carlotta!" Then, recollecting, "Pardon me, Miss Delevan—"

She waved her hand at him deprecatingly, and interrupted with, "No, no; call me Carlotta. I like people—I—to call me Carlotta."

What was she about to say? I like people—I—like to call me Carlotta? He wished he knew.

"But say on," she resumed, "what you were going to say to Carlotta."

"Oh, just a fact which may sound like mere compliment, but which I assure you is not, that before to-day I thought you something sweeter than most young ladies; but now you stand to me as a type of what woman should be."

"Oh, that is a great deal to say; but I think you mean it as you assert."

"Yes, I mean it, Carlotta; and more—go on as you have to me; talk out such sentiments. Be brave and honest and true to whatever convictions you may have, however unpopular they may be. Will you?"

He was very earnest—not gallant as Raymond Mays would have been—but in hearty earnest for the truth's sake.

"I will try," she answered. Then she thought, "He called me Carlotta—how sweetly he says it! He is certainly very fine, *and handsomer than Raymond Mays!*"

"Alas for Raymond Mays! Two or three more days went by, and the band played, and the carriages rolled, and people took life gayly in sound of the great surging sea at this thoroughfare of fashion. In this time "Vayle Ventnor, Private," became better acquainted with la Carlotta. From the text of that morning they had gone on into the deeper waters of existence—had talked finer and freer, and thus discovered much more of each other.

In the mean time Raymond Mays, handsome fellow!—much handsomer be it known than Vayle Ventnor—mean time he chafed and fretted inwardly at this ripening acquaintance, and outwardly conducted himself in a most disdainful manner toward the former gentleman.

"The girl's head is turned with his wealth and position!" he blustered one night to Ward Wyman.

"No, no, Mays, be generous; I don't think that of Carlotta: besides, you don't know Ventnor—you *won't* know him; that's it. There was never a finer fellow in the world."

Mays sneered and turned away.

It happened that very night that he was present at a club-room, and heard a conversation between Ventnor and another, wherein Ventnor gave his reasons and opinions pretty much as he had done before Carlotta Delevan.

Still Mays sneered and scoffed.

The conversation wandering off, a lieutenant of the regular army suddenly said,

"Here is Mays now who is waiting, and with better reason than most. Mays was in the Crimea, you know."

"No, I didn't know."

"Yes, he was in Europe at the time, and joined the allied forces out of sheer blood-thirstiness, I believe. Isn't it so, Mays? Here, come out of your corner, and tell us all about it."

Mays "came out," saying there was nothing to tell, modestly and a little crossly.

But Ventnor was so interested, so genial and frank, there was no resisting; so Mays told them "all about it" that he knew.

"Berge says you were the best-drilled soldier of all the volunteers, Mays," the Lieutenant went on, "and that you had at one time the temporary command of a company."

"Why, I should think it was easy enough then for you to get a commission," one said.

Mays shrugged his shoulders, and retorted, "Bah! I haven't influential friends in the right department, you know."

Vayle Ventnor blazed forth in the same indignant protest that he had brought forward upon another occasion, and when he had ended there was a determined look around his firm-set mouth that told of a purpose.

When Raymond Mays left the club-room that night it was actually with a friendly nod to Ventnor's cordial "Good-night!"

A few days more and the furlough would have expired. "Vayle Ventnor, Private," was a sound, hearty man again. There was no excuse now for delay, though the band played Die Schonbrunner in such melting, memorizing strains, and the Star-Spangled Banner rolled through the halls.

Whistling the latter lustily to get the former out of his head, he was rushing up the stairs and round a corner—that fatal corner—when swirl! came a silk gown and its owner. He opened his arms in a flash—into them he took silk gown and all—all the pretty, pretty wearer. He gathered her up with a little exulting laugh, and set her down inside the private parlor; but not until he had said, "Carlotta, be *my* Carlotta, you little darling!" and she had promised that she would.

"So you are engaged, Carlotta?" Raymond Mays remarked, a short time after this.

"Yes, I am engaged, Raymond."

"Well, I give you my congratulations. Carlotta, look here." He handed her an open letter. She read—an appointment to a Captaincy in the —th Regiment.

"Oh, I am so glad for you!" she exclaimed. "How came it?"

"It came by Vayle Ventnor, Private, though he does not know my knowledge of his influence."

Then he told her of their conversation at the club-room, and how directly after that he received this appointment, through Governor —— and Colonel ——, who were both near relatives of Vayle Ventnor. "And now, Carlotta, I have offered you my congratulations, I am going to him for the same purpose, and to thank him. He deserves his happiness, for he is a good fellow; but I wish he never had come here after all, Carlotta."

"Then you would never have got your commission," she answered, slyly.

"But," bending down, "shouldn't I have got Carlotta?"

"Oh no, no; we were both too old acquaintances, Raymond. You'll like somebody else much better than you ever did me."

He stoutly denied this possibility; but all the time he was adjusting his spelted sash with infinite satisfaction, and Carlotta said unto herself, "I'll risk his heart while it beats under that uniform."

He held out his hand. "Good-by, Carlotta; I sail to-night." He tried hard to look miserable, but all in vain.

"Good-by!"

Then suddenly, in a quiet flash of feeling, he bent nearer. The "good-by" was a kiss. She laughed.

"How dare you, Raymond?"

"For old acquaintance' sake, and because next time I see you you will be Mrs. Vayle Ventnor—*Private.*"

REBEL BATTERIES IN THE CHESAPEAKE.

On page 692 we publish views of the new Rebel Batteries erected at Sewall's Point and on Craney Island for the protection of Norfolk. They are thus described in a letter to the *Herald:*

> The rebels are evidently expecting some move. They are very busy at Sewall's Point; twenty large guns are mounted, and from the present state of movements more will soon be put in place. At Craney Island thirty-four iron bull-dogs show their ugly muzzles. This piece of work was built for the purpose of preventing shipping from passing up Elizabeth River. About twelve guns of the largest calibre bear on the approach to the mouth of the river, while twenty-two command the passage up. It is almost an impossibility to pass this battery, which is beautifully constructed, and is certainly one of the finest pieces of earth-work I ever saw. With a proper force the rebels might be driven out by shell, but it would cost many lives and some vessels to do it. The batteries on Sewall's Point are composed of six distinct intrenchments, the first mounting two guns in embrasures and one on parapet. The next mounts nine, all in embrasures, which are flanked with logs. The next battery is provided with three guns *en barbette.* Two small batteries are next in order, each mounting one gun *en barbette.* The next battery mounts two guns *en barbette.* A heavy gun on a ship carriage planted on the beach completes the line of defenses. With proper management it would be an easy matter, comparatively speaking, to drive the rebels out of this line of batteries. The Sawyer gun, on the Rip Raps, can trouble them very badly now. Although I have taken up this subject to-day, I do not wish to be understood that any active steps are to be taken in relation to these points; but as I have had an opportunity lately of having these batteries described to me, I thought it would be a matter of some interest to record the position of the rebels in this locality.

THE "MERRIMAC."

We publish on page 689 an illustration of the Steamer "Merrimac," as she is at present. Our picture is from sketches by the mechanic alluded to in the following extract from the *Herald* correspondence from Fortress Monroe:

> A mechanic who came over under a flag of truce last evening furnishes us with some very valuable information in relation to the steam frigate *Merrimac.* He says her hull has been cut down to within three feet of her light-water mark, and a bomb-proof house built on her gun deck, and that she is not iron plated as yet. Her bow and stern have been steel clad, with a projecting angle of iron for the purpose of piercing a vessel. Her armament consists of four eleven-inch navy guns on each side, with one 100-pounder Armstrong at the bow and stern. She has no masts, and only a pilot-house and smoke-stack are to be seen above the bomb-proof deck. Her bomb-proof is three inches thick and made of wrought iron. He states that she will not be ready for at least two weeks. He claims also to have worked upon her, and to have lived very near to the navy-yard. He was taken on board of the flag-ship and interrogated in relation to her, and gave his statement as above.

REBEL BATTERIES ON THE POTOMAC.

We illustrate on page 701 one of the fights which are now occurring daily on the Potomac. It is thus described in a letter in the *Herald* of 16th October:

> The United States gun-boat *Seminole,* Commander J. P. Gillis, U.S.N., arrived this morning, bringing intelligence of her engagement with three rebel batteries at Evansport, on the Potomac River, above Aquia Creek. The *Seminole* left Washington yesterday, with the *Pocahontas,* the latter being somewhat in advance of the *Seminole.* As the *Pocahontas* passed the batteries at Evansport, she fired a few rounds to see if the rebels would reciprocate, but they did not seem to heed it. But as the *Seminole* came down the three batteries opened full fire on her, throwing rifled shot and shell at her at a tremendous rate. She immediately returned the fire as fast as possible, throwing in shell among the rebels, seriously annoying them. During the engagement she was struck in several places. A heavy shell exploded close under the bows, throwing the water over the forecastle deck in large quantities. A ball passed through the rails over the engine hatch, another through the hammock nettings, and several more in other parts of the vessel. A rifled ball struck the mizzen-mast about fifteen feet above the deck, badly injuring it. It was fished, however, and will probably last for some time. A few splinter wounds were all the casualties on board. Some of the rigging was cut by the shot. Captain Gillis reports seeing two large bodies of troops marching up the river. Both of them were above Aquia Creek.

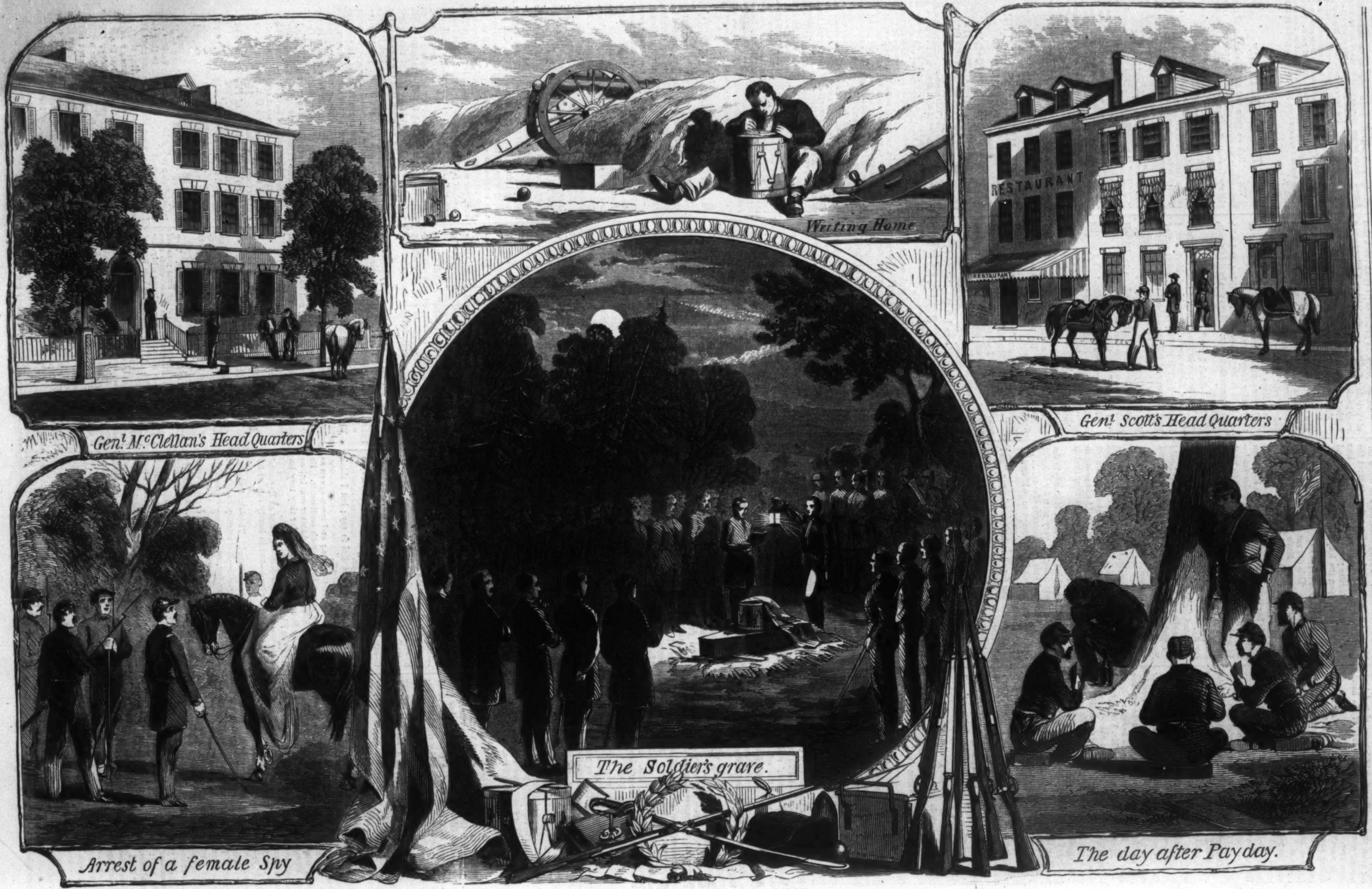
HOW OUR TROOPS ARE FED.

The public are but little aware of the extent to which the wants of our army are now supplied by the provision dealers of New York, and the illustration on page 695 will be viewed with interest. Clear it is that this class of our community must be profiting largely by the present state of the nation, whatever may be the amount of injury done to other branches of our trade. Neither is the public aware of the sedulous care taken by the Government to secure the best class of provision or the means by which this is effected.

Major A. B. Eaton is the Commissary of Subsistence for the United States Army in the city of New York, and inspects, or causes to be inspected, every pound of cured meat, and each barrel of flour or army bread which is sent from this city to Washington. That this position is no sinecure may be judged from one fact alone. This is, that one baker who, at the commencement of the steps for the repression of the rebellion, was called on for only 50,000 pounds of army bread, or rather biscuit, per week, in isolated orders, is now fulfilling an order for 200,000 pounds per week, for the next two months. The salt pork is weighed and examined at Getty's yard, at the foot of Spring Street, on the North River; and we should not care to state the quantity which is daily subjected to his scrutiny, lest we might be accused of romancing. We may, however, mention that the whole of the meat is turned out of the barrel in which it is delivered there, and each portion scraped from the salt and carefully examined previous to being packed again, subject to the orders of the Government. Beef, sugar, flour, and other necessary articles for the consumption of our troops, are also contributed largely. From the care shown in the minute inspection of the provision, it must be obvious that the complaints so extensively raised by the volunteer regiments, respecting the quality of their provisions, can not have been attributable to the rotten state of the meat or the refuse ground up with the flour that has been purchased in, and sent on from New York.

After the Commissary of Subsistence has fulfilled his duty and examined, or had the provisions purchased by him examined and packed under his supervision, they pass from his charge to that of the Assistant Quarter-master General, Colonel D. D. Tompkins.

This officer has the superintendence of their transmission to Washington with the various military stores sent through New York to that city. In order to give some idea of the amount of business which he has to do in these stirring times, we may say that the means of conveyance for army material and provision have, for the last five or six weeks, averaged two propellers per day. These boats sail from Pier No. 10 on the North River. Their average size is from 240 to 260 tons; so that we may say, on a rough estimate, somewhere about 3000 or 3500 tons of provision and military stores in bulk are transmitted weekly to Washington from New York alone. This fact may give some idea of the colossal nature of the internal struggle in which our Government is at present engaged.



Writing Home

Gen! M.c Clellan's Head Quarters

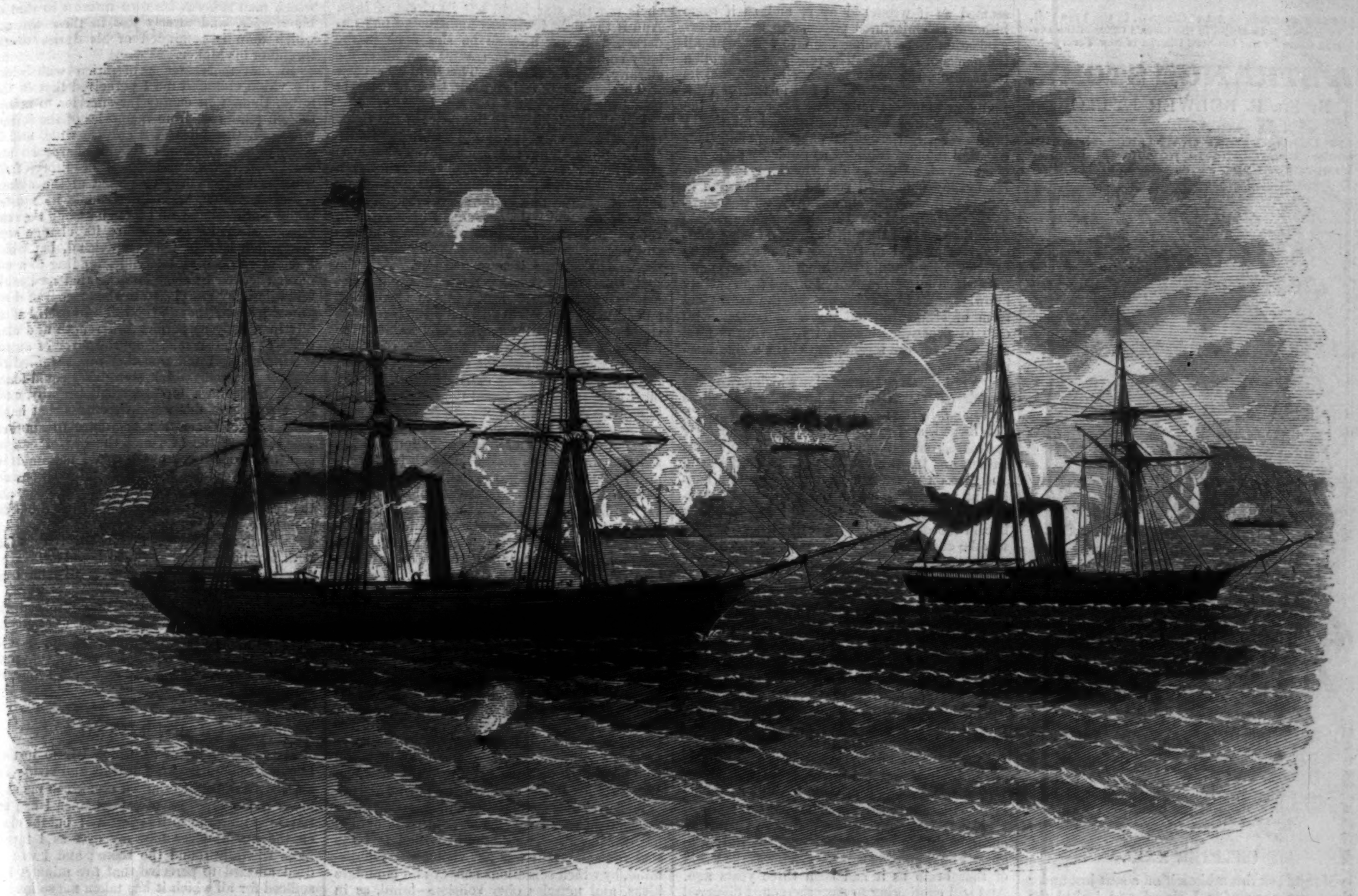
Gen! Scott's Head Quarters

Arrest of a female Spy

The Soldier's grave.

The day after Payday.

WAR SCENES AT AND ABOUT WASHINGTON.



THE "SEMINOLE" AND THE "POCAHONTAS" ENGAGING THE REBEL BATTERIES AT EVANSPORT.—Sketched by our Special Artist.—[See Page 699.]

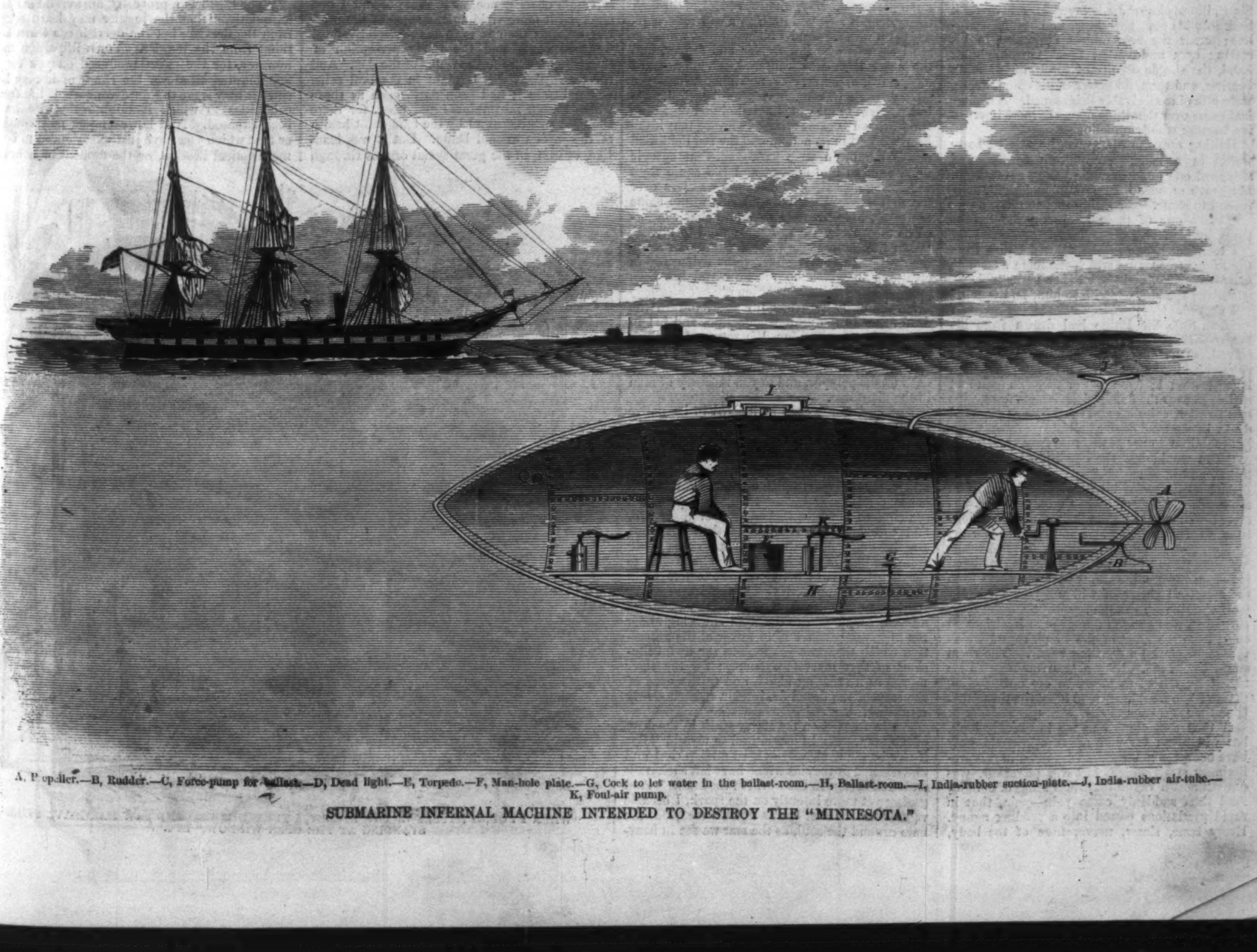
A REBEL INFERNAL MACHINE.

We publish on this page an illustration of a Rebel Infernal Machine, with which it was attempted to blow up the flag-ship at Fortress Monroe a few days since. The following extract from a letter in the *Herald*, dated Fortress Monroe, October 12, will explain the affair:

Last evening a flag of truce came down, bringing sixty persons; among the number was a gentleman who brings the following intelligence: On Wednesday evening last an infernal machine was sent down from Sewall's Point for the purpose of blowing up the flag-ship. She came down to the ship without any difficulty, but she caught in the grapling always hanging from the jib-boom end of the ship. This was taken by those inside for the chain cable, and when they thought they were under the bottom of the ship they made preparations for screwing the torpedo on the bilge, but, to their surprise, they found they were sadly mistaken, and they came near losing their lives as well as the machine. They, however, escaped, and worked themselves on shore on rebel ground, and the machine was carted back to Norfolk, to try the experiment at some future time.

From the gentleman who made the statement I learn the following particulars in relation to the machine. He states that it is built of iron, of a similar shape to the Ross Winans cigar boat, of a sufficient capacity to accommodate two persons, who work it ahead by means of a small screw propeller. It is guided by a rudder, and it is ballasted by means of water, let in and forced out by means of a pump. A compass guides them, and a velocimeter shows how great a distance is run each moment. Bearings and courses are given the men, and they go on a hazardous voyage, with a large chance of accomplishment. An India-rubber tube, which is floated on the surface, furnishes them with fresh air, while a force-pump forces out the foul air. On arriving at the place desired, a grapple catches the cable of a vessel, and the machine is veered away until it is supposed to be near one of the magazines; the water ballast is then pumped out, and the machine floats up under the ship's bottom. By means of an India-rubber sucking-plate this machine is attached to the bottom of the ship, while a man-hole plate is opened and the torpedo is screwed into the vessel. It is fired by the means of a time fuse. As soon as this is set in motion the men inside place a prepared sheet of rubber over the man-hole, and while one lets the water into the compartment to sink the machine, the other person screws up the plate, the grapple is let go, and the infernal machine is left to explode, while the machine is worked in shore out of harm's way. Commodore Goldsborough is informed of this article, and will of course take all the precautions to prevent an occurrence which would prove so disastrous to a fine ship and of so much importance to the enemy.

It is possible that before the time arrives for a fresh experiment with this machine the rebels at Norfolk may have occupation for their ingenuity nearer home. Commodore Goldsborough and his officers may perhaps have a little "infernal machine" of their own, with which rebeldom may possibly make acquaintance.



A, Propeller.—B, Rudder.—C, Force-pump for ballast.—D, Dead light.—E, Torpedo.—F, Man-hole plate.—G, Cock to let water in the ballast-room.—H, Ballast-room.—I, India-rubber suction-plate.—J, India-rubber air-tube.—K, Foul-air pump.

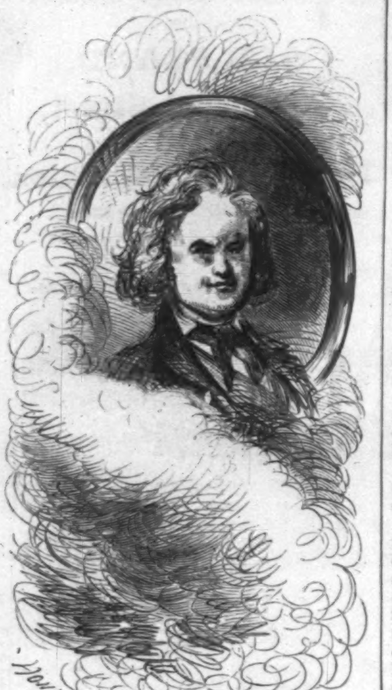
SUBMARINE INFERNAL MACHINE INTENDED TO DESTROY THE "MINNESOTA."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

A STRANGE STORY.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."



CHAPTER XXXI.

MARGRAVE threw himself on a seat just under the great anaconda; I closed and locked the door. When I had done so my eye fell on the young man's face, and I was surprised to see that it had lost its color; that it showed great anxiety, great distress; that his hands were visibly trembling.

"What is this?" he said, in feeble tones, and raising himself half from his seat as if with great effort. "Help me up—come away! Something in this room is hostile to me—hostile, overpowering! What can it be?"

"Truth and my presence," answered a stern, low voice; and Sir Philip Derval, whose slight form the huge bulk of the dead elephant had before obscured from my view, came suddenly out from the shadow into the full rays of the lamps which lit up, as if for Man's revel, that mocking tomb for the playmates of Nature which he enslaves for his service or slays for his sport. As Sir Philip spoke and advanced Margrave sank back into his seat, shrinking, collapsing, nerveless; terror the most abject expressed in his staring eyes and parted lips. On the other hand, the simple dignity of Sir Philip Derval's bearing, and the mild power of his countenance, were alike inconceivably heightened. A change had come over the whole man, the more impressive because wholly undefinable.

Halting opposite Margrave, he uttered some words in a language unknown to me, and stretched one hand over the young man's head. Margrave at once became stiff and rigid, as if turned to stone. Sir Philip said to me,

"Place one of those lamps on the floor—there, by his feet."

I took down one of the colored lamps from the mimic tree round which the huge anaconda coiled its spires, and placed it as I was told.

"Take the seat opposite to him, and watch."

I obeyed.

Meanwhile Sir Philip had drawn from his breast-pocket a small steel casket, and I observed, as he opened it, that the interior was subdivided into several compartments, each with its separate lid; from one of these he took and sprinkled over the flame of the lamp a few grains of a powder, colorless and sparkling as diamond dust; in a second or so a delicate perfume, wholly unfamiliar to my sense, rose from the lamp.

"You would test the condition of trance—test it, and in the spirit."

And as he spoke his hand rested lightly on my head. Hitherto, amidst a surprise not unmixed with awe, I had preserved a certain defiance, a certain distrust. I had been, as it were, on my guard.

But as those words were spoken, as that hand rested on my head, as that perfume arose from the lamp, all power of will deserted me. My first sensation was that of passive subjugation, but soon I was aware of a strange intoxicating effect from the odor of the lamp, round which there now played a dazzling vapor. The room swam before me. Like a man oppressed by a nightmare I tried to move, to cry out—feeling that to do so would suffice to burst the thrall that bound me—in vain.

A time that seemed to me inexorably long, but which, as I found afterward, could only have occupied a few seconds, elapsed in this preliminary state, which, however powerless, was not without a vague luxurious sense of delight. And then suddenly came pain—pain, that in rapid gradations passed into a rending agony. Every bone, sinew, nerve, fibre of the body, seemed as if wrenched open, and as if some hitherto unconjectured presence in the vital organization were forcing itself to light with all the pangs of travail. The veins seemed swollen to bursting, the heart laboring to maintain its action by fierce spasms. I feel in this description how language fails me. Enough that the anguish I then endured surpassed all that I have ever experienced of physical pain. This dreadful interval subsided as suddenly as it had commenced. I felt as if a something undefinable by any name had rushed from me, and in that rush that a struggle was over. I was sensible of the passive bliss which attends the release from torture, and then there grew on me a wonderful calm, and in that calm a consciousness of some lofty intelligence immeasurably beyond that which human memory gathers from earthly knowledge. I saw before me the still rigid form of Margrave, and my sight seemed with ease to penetrate through its covering of flesh and to survey the mechanism of the whole interior being.

"View that tenement of clay which now seems so fair as it was when I last beheld it, three years ago, in the house of Haroun of Aleppo!"

I looked, and gradually, and as shade after shade falls on the mountain-side, while the clouds gather, and the sun vanishes at last, so the form and face on which I looked changed from exuberant youth into infirm old age. The discolored wrinkled skin, the bleared dim eye, the flaccid muscles, the brittle, sapless bones. Nor was the change that of age alone; the expression of the countenance had passed into gloomy discontent, and in every furrow a passion or a vice had sown the seeds of grief.

And the brain now opened on my sight, with all its labyrinth of cells. I seemed to have the clew to every winding in the maze.

I saw therein a moral world, charred and ruined, as, in some fable I have read, the world of the moon is described to be; yet withal it was a brain of magnificent formation. The powers abused to evil had been originally of rare order; imagination, and scope; the energies that dare; the faculties that discover. But the moral part of the brain had failed to dominate the mental. Defective veneration of what is good or great; cynical disdain of what is right and just; in fine, a great intellect first misguided, then perverted, and now falling with the decay of the body into ghastly but imposing ruins. Such was the world of that brain as it had been three years ago. And still continuing to gaze thereon, I observed three separate emanations of light; the one of a pale red hue, the second of a pale azure, the third a silvery spark.

The red light, which grew paler and paler as I looked, undulated from the brain along the arteries, the veins, the nerves. And I murmured to myself, "Is this the principle of animal life?"

The azure light equally permeated the frame, crossing and uniting with the red, but in a separate and distinct ray, exactly as in the outer world a ray of light crosses or unites with a ray of heat, though in itself a separate individual agency. And again I murmured to myself, "Is this the principle of intellectual being, directing or influencing that of animal life; with it, yet not of it?"

But the silvery spark! What was that? Its centre seemed the brain. But I could fix it to no single organ. Nay, wherever I looked through the system, it reflected itself as a star reflects itself upon water. And I observed that while the red light was growing feebler and feebler, and the azure light was confused, irregular—now obstructed, now hurrying, now almost lost—the silvery spark was unaltered, undisturbed. So independent of all which agitated and vexed the frame, that I became strangely aware that if the heart stopped in its action, and the red light died out, if the brain were paralyzed, that energic mind smitten into idiotcy, and the azure light wandering objectless as a meteor wanders over the morass—still that silver spark would shine the same, indestructible by aught that shattered its tabernacle. And I murmured to myself, "Can that starry spark speak the presence of the soul? Does the silver light shine within creatures to which no life immortal has been promised by Divine Revelation?"

Involuntarily I turned my sight toward the dead forms in the motley collection, and lo! in my trance or my vision, life returned to them all! To the elephant and the serpent; to the tiger, the vulture, the beetle, the moth; to the fish and the polypus, and to yon mockery of man in the giant ape.

I seemed to see each as it lived in its native realm of earth, or of air, or of water; and the red light played, more or less warm, through the structure of each, and the azure light, though duller of hue, seemed to shoot through the red, and communicate to the creatures an intelligence far inferior indeed to that of man, but sufficing to conduct the current of their will, and influence the cunning of their instincts. But in none, from the elephant to the moth, from the bird in which brain was the largest to the hybrid in which life seemed to live as in plants—in none was visible the starry silver spark. I turned my eyes from the creatures around, back again to the form cowering under the huge anaconda, and in terror at the animation which the carcasses took in the awful illusions of that marvelous trance; for the tiger moved as if scenting blood, and to the eyes of the serpent the dread fascination seemed slowly returning.

Again I gazed on the starry spark in the form of the man. And I murmured to myself, "But if this be the soul, why is it so undisturbed and undarkened by the sins which have left such trace and such ravage in the world of the brain?" And gazing yet more intently on the spark, I became vaguely aware that it was not the soul, but the halo around the soul, as the star we see in heaven is not the star itself, but its circle of rays. And if the light itself was undisturbed and undarkened, it was because no sins done in the body could annihilate its essence, nor affect the eternity of its duration. The light was clear within the ruins of its lodgment, because it might pass away but could not be extinguished.

But the soul itself, in the heart of the light, reflected back on my own soul within me its ineffable trouble, humiliation, and sorrow; for those ghastly wrecks of power placed at its sovereign command it was responsible; and, appalled by its own sublime fate of duration, was about to carry into eternity the account of its mission in time. Yet it seemed that while the soul was still there, though so forlorn and so guilty, even the wrecks around it were majestic. And the soul, whatever sentence it might merit, was not among the hopelessly lost. For in its remorse and its shame it might still have retained what could serve for redemption. And I saw that the mind was storming the soul in some terrible rebellious war—all of thought, of passion, of desire, through which the azure light poured its restless flow, were surging up round the starry spark, as in siege. And I could not comprehend the war, nor guess what it was that the mind demanded the soul to yield. Only the distinction between the two was made intelligible by their antagonism. And I saw that the soul, sorely tempted, looked afar for escape from the subjects it had ever so ill controlled, and who sought to reduce to their vassal the power which had lost authority as their king. I could feel its terror in the sympathy of my own terror, the keenness of my own supplicating pity. I knew that it was imploring release from the perils it confessed its want of strength to encounter. And suddenly the starry spark rose from the ruins and the tumult around it—rose into space and vanished. And where my soul had recognized the presence of soul there was a void. But the red light burned still, becoming more and more vivid; and as it thus repaired and recruited its lustre, the whole animal form which had been so decrepit grew restored from decay, grew into vigor and youth. And I saw Margrave as I had seen him in the waking world, the radiant image of animal life in the beauty of its fairest bloom.

And over this rich vitality and this symmetric mechanism now reigned only, with the animal life, the mind. The starry light fled and the soul vanished, still was left visible the mind—mind, by which sensations convey and cumulate ideas, and muscles obey volition—mind, as in those animals that have more than the elementary instincts—mind as it might be in men, were men not immortal. As my eyes, in the vision, followed the azure light, undulating as before through the cells of the brain, and crossing the red amidst the labyrinth of the nerves, I perceived that the essence of that azure light had undergone a change; it had lost that faculty of continuous and concentred power by which man improves on the works of the past, and weaves schemes to be developed in the future of remote generations; it had lost all sympathy in the past, because it had lost all conception of a future beyond the grave; it had lost conscience, it had lost remorse. The being it informed was no longer accountable through eternity for the employment of time. The azure light was even more vivid in certain organs useful to the conservation of existence, as in those organs I had observed it more vivid among some of the inferior animals than it is in man—secretiveness, destructiveness, and the ready perception of things immediate to the wants of the day. And the azure light was brilliant in cerebral cells, where before it had been dark, such as those which harbor mirthfulness and hope, for there the light was recruited by the exuberant health of the joyous animal being. But it was leadlike, or dim, in the great social organs through which man suborns his own interest to that of his species, and utterly lost in those through which man is reminded of his duties to the throne of his Maker.

In that marvelous penetration with which the vision endowed me I perceived that in this mind, though in energy far superior to many; though retaining, from memories of the former existence, the relics of a culture wide, and in some things profound; though sharpened and quickened into formidable, if desultory, force whenever it schemed or aimed at the animal self-conservation, which now made its master-impulse or instinct; and though among the reminiscences of its state before its change were arts which I could not comprehend, but which I felt were dark and terrible, lending to a will never checked by remorse arms that no healthful philosophy has placed in the arsenal of disciplined genius; though the mind in itself had an ally in a body as perfect in strength and elasticity as man can take from the favor of nature—still, I say, I felt that that mind wanted *the something* without which men never could found cities, frame laws, bind together, beautify, exalt the elements of this world by creeds that habitually subject them to a reference to another. The ant, and the bee, and the beaver congregate and construct; but they do not improve. Man improves because the future impels onward that which is not found in the ant, the bee, and the beaver—that which was gone from the being before me.

I shrank appalled into myself, covered my face with my hands, and groaned aloud: "Have I ever then doubted that soul is distinct from mind!"

A hand here again touched my forehead, the light in the lamp was extinguished, I became insensible, and when I recovered I found myself back in the room in which I had first conversed with Sir Philip Derval, and seated, as before, on the sofa by his side.

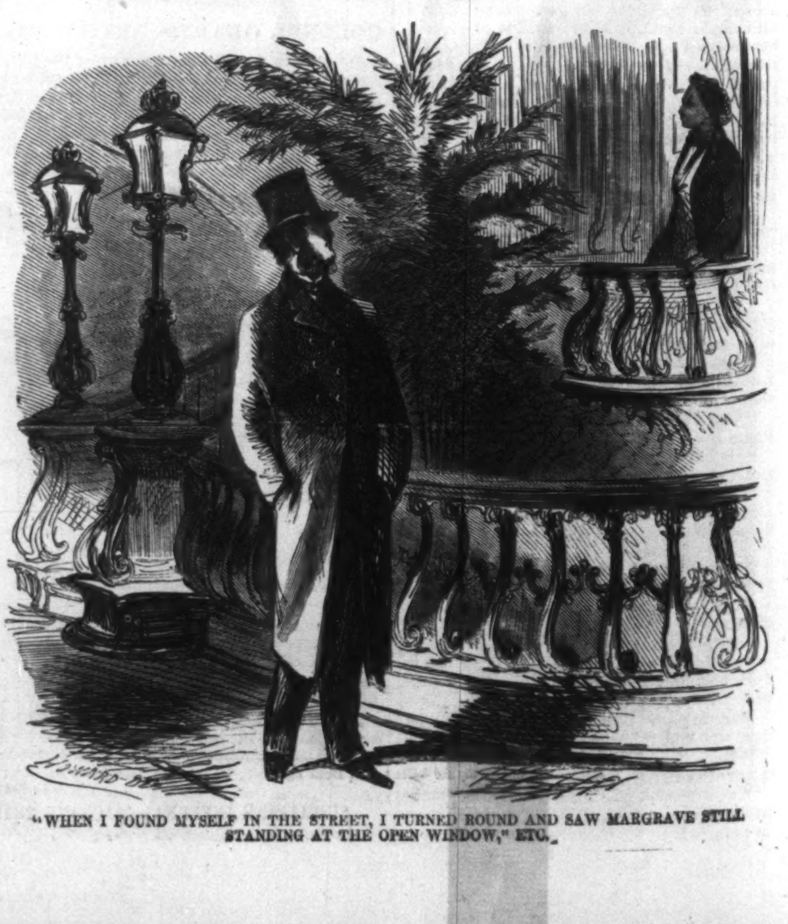
CHAPTER XXXII.

MY recollections of all which I have just attempted to describe were distinct and vivid; except, with respect to time, it seemed to me as if many hours must have elapsed since I had entered the museum with Margrave; but the clock on the mantle-piece met my eyes as I turned them wistfully round the room; and I was indeed amazed to perceive that five minutes had sufficed for all which it has taken me so long to narrate, and which in their transit had hurried me through ideas and emotions so remote from anterior experience.

To my astonishment now succeeded shame and indignation—shame that I, who had scoffed at the possibility of the comparatively credible influences of mesmeric action, should have been so helpless a puppet under the hand of the slight fellow-man beside me, and so morbidly impressed by phantasmagorical illusions—indignation that by some fumes which had special potency over the brain, I had thus been, as it were, conjured out of my senses: and, looking full into the calm face at my side, I said, with a smile to which I sought to convey disdain:

"I congratulate you, Sir Philip Derval, on having learned in your travels in the East so expert a familiarity with the tricks of its jugglers."

"The East has a proverb," answered Sir Philip, quietly, "that the juggler may learn much from the dervish, but the dervish can learn nothing from the juggler. You will pardon me, however, for the effect produced on you for a few minutes, whatever the cause of it may be, since it may serve to guard your whole life from calamities to which it might otherwise have been exposed. And however you may consider that which you have just experienced to be a mere optical illusion, or the figment of a brain



"WHEN I FOUND MYSELF IN THE STREET, I TURNED ROUND AND SAW MARGRAVE STILL STANDING AT THE OPEN WINDOW," ETC.

superexcited by the fumes of a vapor, look within yourself, and tell me if you do not feel an inward and unanswerable conviction that there is more reason to shun and to fear the creature you left asleep under the dead jaws of the giant serpent, than there would be in the serpent itself could the venom return to its breath?"

I was silent, for I could not deny that that conviction had come to me.

"Henceforth, when you recover from the confusion or anger which now disturbs your impressions, you will be prepared to listen to my explanations and my recital in a spirit far different from that with which you would have received them before you were subjected to the experiment, which, allow me to remind you, you invited and defied. You will now, I trust, be fitted to become my confidant and my assistant—you will advise with me how, for the sake of humanity, we should act together against the incarnate lie, the anomalous prodigy which glides through the crowd in the image of joyous beauty. For the present I quit you. I have an engagement on worldly affairs in the town this night. I am staying at L——, which I shall leave for Derval Court to-morrow evening. Come to me there the day after to-morrow, at any hour that may suit you the best. Adieu."

Here Sir Philip Derval rose and left the room. I made no effort to detain him. My mind was too occupied in striving to recompose itself, and account for the phenomena that had scared it, and for the strength of the impressions it still retained.

I sought to find natural and accountable causes for effects so abnormal.

Lord Bacon suggests that the ointments with which witches anointed themselves might have had the effect of stopping the pores and congesting the brain, and thus impressing the sleep of the unhappy dupes of their own imagination with dreams so vivid that, on waking, they were firmly convinced that they had been borne through the air to the *Sabbat*.

I remembered also having heard a distinguished French traveler—whose veracity was unquestionable—say that he had witnessed extraordinary effects produced on the sensorium by certain fumigations used by an African pretender to magic. A person, of however healthy a brain, subjected to the influence of these fumigations, was induced to believe that he saw the most frightful apparitions.

However extraordinary such effects, they were not incredible—not at variance with our notions of the known laws of nature. And to the vapor, or the odors which a powder applied to a lamp had called forth, I was, therefore, prepared to ascribe properties similar to those which Bacon's conjecture ascribed to the witches' ointment, and the French traveler to the fumigations of the African conjuror.

But as I came to that conclusion I was seized with an intense curiosity to examine for myself those chemical agencies with which Sir Philip Derval appeared so familiar; to test the contents in that mysterious casket of steel. I also felt a curiosity no less eager, but more, in spite of myself, intermingled with fear, to learn all that Sir Philip had to communicate of the past history of Margrave. I could but suppose that the young man must indeed be a terrible criminal, for a person of years so grave, and station so high, to intimate accusations so vaguely dark, and to use means so extraordinary in order to enlist my imagination rather than my reason against a youth in whom there appeared none of the signs which suspicion interprets into guilt.

While thus musing I lifted my eyes and saw Margrave himself there, at the threshold of the ball-room—there, where Sir Philip had first pointed him out as the criminal he had come to L—— to seek and disarm; and now, as then, Margrave was the radiant centre of a joyous group; not the young boy-god, Iacchus, amidst his nymphs could, in Grecian frieze or picture, have seemed more the type of the sportive, hilarious vitality of sensuous nature. He must have passed, unobserved by me, in my preoccupation of thought, from the museum and across the room in which I sat: and now there was as little trace in that animated countenance of the terror it had exhibited at Sir Philip's approach, as of the change it had undergone in my trance or my phantasy.

But he caught sight of me—left his young companions—came gayly to my side.

"Did you not ask me to go with you into that museum about half an hour ago, or did I dream that I went with you?"

"Yes, you went with me into that museum."

"Then pray what dull theme did you select to set me asleep there?"

I looked hard at him, and made no reply. Somewhat to my relief, I now heard my host's voice:

"Why, Fenwick, what has become of Sir Philip Derval?"

"He has left; he had business." And, as I spoke, again I looked hard on Margrave.

His countenance now showed a change; not surprise, not dismay, but rather a play of the lip, a flash of the eye, that indicated complacency—even triumph.

"So! Sir Philip Derval. He is in L——; he has been here to-night. So! as I expected."

"Did you expect it?" said our host. "No one else did. Who could have told you?"

"The movements of men so distinguished need never take us by surprise. I knew he was in Paris the other day. Natural he should come here. I was prepared for his coming."

Margrave here turned away toward the window, which he threw open and looked out.

"There is a storm in the air," said he, as he continued to gaze into the night.

Was it possible that Margrave was so wholly unconscious of what had passed in the museum as to include in oblivion even the remembrance of Sir Philip Derval's presence before he had been rendered insensible, or laid asleep? Was it now only for the first time that he learned of Sir Philip's arrival in L——, and visit to that house? Was there any intimation of menace in his words and his aspect?

I felt that the trouble of my thoughts communicated itself to my countenance and manner; and, longing for solitude and fresh air, I quitted the house. When I found myself in the street, I turned round and saw Margrave still standing at the open window, but he did not appear to notice me; his eyes seemed fixed abstractedly on space.

LINES ON DEATH.

The phantom shade whom men call Death
Pursues each thing that draweth breath
On this fair earth:
He deems the man of pride and might,
And insects fluttering in the light,
Of equal worth.

He marks the man of many days,
Who hath grown old in the world's ways,
And bids him come:
The summons dread must be obey'd,
Departure may not be delay'd—
That call is doom.

He tears the mother from her child,
No cry of grief and anguish wild
Will move his breast:
But calm and still his victims lie,
No evil thing beneath the sky
May break their rest.

Full well he loves the battle-field,
Armor of proof and massive shield
He laughs to scorn:
The man of skill to forge the plate
That might avert the shafts of fate
Has ne'er been born.

Where hosts encounter hosts he stands,
A skeleton whose bony hands
Do grasp a scythe:
While round about him raves the fight,
He views the fallen with delight,
The dying writhe.

Upon the sea he wanders oft,
And strikes the sailor who aloft
Doth furl the sail:
Or on some shoal or rocky cape
He hurls the ship, while none escape
To tell the tale.

But not alone upon the wave,
Or on red fields where fall the brave,
Does Death appear:
He watcheth nightly by our bed,
And while we take our daily bread
He standeth near.

O Death! thou art a cruel foe,
With whom we battle here below
In weary strife:
The thought of thy sure victory
Would take away what joy might be
In our short life,

Did not within our bosoms dwell
A hope thy dart can never quell—
A glorious hope:
Yes, heirs of immortality,
We dare with such a foe as thee,
O Death! to cope.

J. S.

COLONEL GEARY'S ARTILLERY.

We give on page 693 an engraving of the Uniforms of the Officers and Privates of Bunting's Light Artillery, one section of which is with Colonel Geary, and is now doing good service in General Banks's Division of the Army of the Potomac. The corps originally recruited in Rahway, New Jersey, joined the Ninth Regiment New York State Militia, and was attached to Colonel Stone's Brigade for a time, when it was raised to a full six-gun battery and armed with James's rifled cannon, with which it has rendered efficient aid in guarding the fords of the Potomac at Conrad's Ferry, Monocacy, Sandy Hook, and Point of Rocks. One section of this battery, under Lieutenant J. W. Martin, is a portion of the "Colonel Geary's Artillery" so frequently spoken of in the reports from the seat of war as being engaged in skirmishing with the enemy at Darnestown, Point of Rocks, Sandy Hill, and in the recent affair at Bolivar. The officers are, Captain T. B. Bunting, late First Lieutenant of the Seventh Regiment Engineer corps of this city, and Lieutenants W. M. Bramhall, J. W. Martin, George Browne, Jun., and Moses P. Clark, all of Rahway, New Jersey.

THE PRISON AT RICHMOND, VA.

On page 689 we publish an illustration of Henrico County Jail, at Richmond, Virginia, where some Union prisoners have been confined. Our picture is from a sketch made by a prisoner who had been four months shut up in this jail, and who has lately made his escape. He describes the sufferings of the prisoners as severe, the food bad, and the treatment generally cruel. Every one has read the accounts of the Bull Run prisoners who were confined in the tobacco warehouses of Richmond, and were shot by the sentries for merely showing their faces at the window; also of the want of food and clothing; of the jeers of the populace of Richmond when the prisoners took the air; of the cruel sufferings of the wounded, etc., etc. When the war is over, this County Jail will take rank in history with the British prison-ships and the dungeons of the Revolution.

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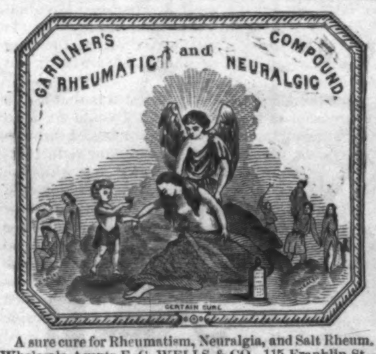

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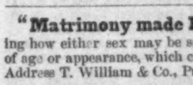
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